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Boone County And Its People

Ralph E. Roe

Boone County, Iowa

Volume No. 1

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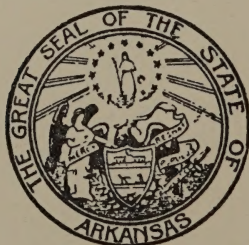
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Boone County And Its People

By
Ralph R. Rea

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Dedicated
to my wife.
EDITH

FOREWORD

"And Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make You Free." John VIII 32.

The reader who expects to find herein an exhaustive history of Boone County is doomed to disappointment. It is my feeling that a history should be a condensation rather than an elaboration, and with that thought in mind I have departed from the generally accepted form in county histories. I have dealt very little in geneologies and biographies, but have rather attempted to tell the story of a certain geographical locale. To me the people have been as characters in a play, who enter upon the stage, act their parts and exit. Some return in later acts, while others are only bit players and we see them but once.

Above all I have sought to tell the truth in a straightforward manner, without apology, or attempt at justification, and certainly without condemnation.

As I see it, Boone County's past is in nowise glamorous, for we are not a particularly glamorous people. There are chapters in our history that are bright and happy. There are others that are dark and sordid. I have related some of each. To me, our prior conduct indicates that we should not live too much in the past, but rather that we should look to the future. For us the new day should bring wider horizons than we have ever before envisioned.

To the many people who have given me bits of historical information I am deeply grateful. Without the scrap books loaned to me by Mrs. D. E. Fitton, John R. Newman and G. C. Coffman I could not have written some of the chapters herein.

To Claude Alexander, Dr. Troy Coffman, Bill Jones, Van Wagley, Hugh Cotton and Lee Brazell I am indebted for the information about the various National Guard units that have been here from 1916 to date.

I found Jesse L. Russell's book "Behind These Ozark Hills" to be especially helpful to me in writing accounts of the hectic career of the Missouri and North Araknsas Railroad, the gun battle between the posse and the outlaws in North Boone County, and the killing of Henry Starr in Harrison.

To Secretary of State C. G. (Crip) Hall, for furnishing me a copy of the act creating Boone County, and to Ted Worley, Executive Secretary of the Arkansas History Commission, for making the records in his office available to me, I am most grateful.

I wish also to thank Mrs. Marion H. Crump for the graphic statement of her internment in the Santo Thomas Civilian Internment Camp during World War II.

To those of you who are disappointed because you or your family are not mentioned in this account, I apologize, respectfully calling to your attention the fact that this is primarily a story of Boone County and not a geneological report of its people.

Harrison, Arkansas
November 15, 1955

RALPH R. RHEA

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"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:"

Shakespeare,
"As You Like It"

CHAPTER I

BACK TO THE INDIANS

The White River rises high in the Ozark Mountains of Northwest Arkansas, rushes swiftly into Southern Missouri, where it twists and turns eastward, then plunges southerly into Arkansas at the mouth of Bear Creek, loops quickly back into Missouri at the Horseshoe Bend, and then returns to Arkansas again. To the south and west of these two entries into the state, by this greatest of Ozark streams, lies Boone County. On the White and its tributaries the history of the county began, and in the beginning it was influenced by the geography of the country.

Boone County, Arkansas has a diversified topography, varying from the rolling Crooked Creek watershed in the south to the deep-cut, narrow valleys of several small creeks in the north. On the south and southwest boundaries of the county lie low mountains; some round, some rock-capped, others long and sprawling. Their elevation varies from 1800 to 2220 feet, and all are covered with dense woodlands. The Crooked Creek valley comprises the rest of the southern one-third of the county, from out of which the hills rise in undulating waves toward the north, so that the northern two-thirds is a series of high ridges and deep hollows, all pointing toward the White River in the northeast.

The very first chapters of our history were written along the banks of the White River. By this route the first white men came; and we have reason to believe that the first red men who lived here inhabited its shores. This is borne out by recent archeological discoveries which pretty conclusively establish that a primitive type Indian lived in the valley of White River even

as far back as 2000 years ago. Artifacts indicate that these people were so primitive that they knew nothing of the art of pottery making and apparently made no effort to plant crops. They were followed by successive Indian civilizations, each a little further advanced than their predecessors.

When the first white men set foot on what is now Boone County, they found at least one Indian village, probably Quapaws, Caddos or an earlier tribe than either of these. We cannot with certainty say who these first whites were. Some students of history contend that a party of some forty followers of De Soto camped at an Indian village on White River near the mouth of Bear Creek. This story, though existing, is mere conjecture, and it cannot be substantiated so as to be of any real historical value. However, if these were the first whites to set foot on our soil, it is hard to imagine anyone who could have been poorer emissaries of good will. History records that they burned Indian villages, killed the aged and children, and carried the women away into slavery, while De Soto sought to instill fear by leaving the impression that he was a god. Unfortunately the great wrongs he did were perpetrated under the shadow of the cross.

In the span of a few months the Spaniards, who were the first whites to come, were gone and for almost one hundred and fifty years no more white men came to Arkansas. The next arrivals were Frenchmen—Father Marquette and then La Salle. These were followed by Colbert, D'Iberville, La Harpe and others; but there is no record that any of these particular groups visited our section of the state. Their followers however, established small settlements on the White and Arkansas rivers. These settlers were traders, hunters and trappers, who ranged far back into the hinterland. Often they married

Indian women and took up the Indian manners and customs.

This period of the Old French Regime was from 1700 to 1763, and it left a considerable mark on our state history. This is true especially in the names of rivers, creeks and mountains that have survived to this date. We would especially call attention to the Fourche la Pave, Petit Jean, Bayou Meto, L'Anguille River, and here in our own county the Dubuque Road, so named because it was a connecting line with the old Dubuque Landing on the White River. This landing was at the site of Sheafers Ferry, which is now covered by Lake Bull Shoals near Lead Hill Boat Dock. This was more than likely the site of the first white settlement in the area that now comprises Boone County.

Prior to 1803, the year of the Louisiana Purchase, it is quite probable that there was not an English speaking white man in the entire section that now comprises this county. However, it was not unpopulated, for there were a few French on the White River, and several Indian villages in this vicinity. It was about this time that the Osage Indians, a plains tribe related to the Sioux, moved into the area that comprises North Arkansas. In 1802 twenty-three hundred of them had come eastward via the Arkansas River, and had claimed the lands north of this river for their home. They then proceeded to move north to the White River and its tributaries, and soon the original contingent was followed by more.

A few Indian villages are known to have been located in what is now Boone County, and one of the largest was just east of the present site of Harrison. A history paper written a few years ago makes the statement that shortly after 1800 the Indian population of what is now Boone County was greater than the white population of a century later. This same writer goes on

to state that the village mentioned as being just east of Harrison had an adult population of 6000. This may be an over-estimate, for Nuttall in his "Travels Into Arkansas Territory" says that in 1819 there were about 8000 Osages in all of North Arkansas. Since there were only 2300 in 1802 and the number had increased to only 8000 in 1819 and dwindled to 1200 in 1825, it does not seem logical that there could have been this many living at one site.

The Osages were one of the finest physical types of the American Indian. Nuttall said that often the warriors were six feet tall. They were great hunters, loved war, and stealing from whites and other Indians was looked upon with favor under their moral code. But, though they robbed, they very rarely ever murdered except when at war. They would not lie either to friend or foe. There was a belief on their part in the immortality of the soul. Their heaven was a happy hunting ground and they worshipped a Great Spirit.

There were at least two large Osage villages in what is now Boone County; one, which is mentioned above, that was just east of the present city of Harrison, and the other on the White River at the mouth of Bear Creek.

That the Osages, and the other Indians who came later, settled here is largely attributable to the geographical outlay of the country. To the north and south are rough hills and valleys which had an abundance of every type of game native to this part of the North American continent. The White River, Bear Creek, Crooked Creek, Long Creek and other smaller streams were crystal clear and filled with edible fish. Also the narrow, level valleys along White River and Crooked Creek protected by hills made a perfect place for these semi-nomadic people to build their villages. The same writer who tells of the

Osage villages mentions other smaller Indian settlements in the area.

There was one small village five miles south of Harrison on Crooked Creek, near what is now called Caravan Spring. Three hundred Cherokees lived near Bear Creek Springs six miles north of Harrison until about 1807. Three small bands of Shawnees were at various points near Harrison. The largest group was found in the Gaither Cove at the eastern foot of Gaither Mountain. Two smaller bands lived, one on Long Creek near the present town of Alpena, and the other on Short Creek (Coweta). This latter settlement was thought to be of short duration, for the Osages, who lived in the Crooked Creek Valley just south and west of them forced the Shawnees to join a larger settlement of their own people.

When the United States Government moved the Cherokees into the land that the Osages felt belonged to them, the government failed to fix a boundary between the two tribes. As a result both tribes stole and robbed from the other until they reached a virtual state of war. Henry Schoolcraft, who spent some time along the White River in what is now North Boone County in 1818 wrote "a deadly and deep-rooted hostility existed between the Cherokees, who had lately exchanged their lands in Tennessee for the country lying between Arkansas and Red River, and the Osages, and they were daily committing depredations upon the territories and properties of each other."

In a few months after the purchase of the Louisiana Territory, English speaking whites began to move into the newly acquired lands. It was not long before a few settlers had moved by boat up the White River, and the fact that the land was claimed by the Osages, Cherokees and Shawnees might have hindered, but it did not preclude their building homes hundreds of miles above

the mouth of the river. We get our best eye-witness account of these early settlers from Schoolcraft, who in the last months of 1818 traveled overland from Potosi, Missouri across the Current River to the upper White River. In December he stopped at the home of one McGary who lived east of Sugar Loaf, and from thence he traveled west to Sugar-Loaf Prairie where he spent several days with a Mr. Coker. Schoolcraft said there were four families living there at that time. These families lived in very crude log houses and their lot was hard; however, he reported that some of them had their smoke-houses pretty well filled with cured buffalo and bear meat. In the main though, hardships were almost unbelievably great as he points out in telling of one family. Of them he says: "Nothing could present a more striking picture of the hardships encountered by the backwoods settler, than this poor, friendless and forlorn family—They were short of provisions, the husband being out in search of game." There was also the constant menace of the Osages, a fact which is mentioned in the same account. "Our journey toward the head of White River," Schoolcraft continues, "was extremely hazardous on account of Osage Indians, whose hunting grounds embraced the whole region in which this river, and its upper tributaries originate, and who never failed to rob white hunters, and travelers, who were so unfortunate as to fall in their way, and sometimes carried them into captivity."

From Sugar-Loaf Prairie Schoolcraft says he traveled west overland to a point where a large stream entered White River from the north, thence further west to a high bald hill and from there to the mouth of Beaver Creek. He reported that two families by the names of Holt and Fisher lived at the mouth of Beaver Creek. This settlement was, according to Schoolcraft, the one

fartherest west of any in the territory. At this point he and his party put into the White River and floated south by the mouth of Bear Creek, where they sighted several houses. From there on down the river they passed many scattered cabins—an average of one every four miles between that point and Calico Rock.

These settlements along the river accounted for all the white people in the area at this time. A geography published as late as 1833 showed all North Arkansas between the White River at Izard Court House and Fayetteville to be uninhabited country. But about this time the military road had been completed, for a map published in 1835 showed the road running north from Batesville on the east bank of White River to Izard Court House. From there it ran north to Talbotts Post Office at the mouth of Big North Fork, then it crossed the river and went west and south to Fayetteville and Cane Hill. The completion of this road, after Schoolcraft passed through via the White River in 1818, was destined to make great changes in the Arkansas Territory. A trickle of immigrants came out of the states across the Mississippi—from Tennessee, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Virginia. In a few years the trickle became a veritable stream. In the main these immigrants were poor people seeking land, and with their coming a new era was born.

CHAPTER II

A TIDE FROM TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY

Boone County is, comparatively speaking, a young county; but history is primarily a story of the actions of people, and this story began long before the county became a political entity. Our history as a people in a certain locale began with the first English-speaking whites who came up the White River and settled at Sugar-Loaf Prairie and at the mouth of Bear Creek. Our political history began with the birth of Carroll County on November 1, 1833. Prior to that we had passed through a number of political changes (little noticed by the inhabitants, for the issues were debated and settled either in Washington, D. C., or Little Rock).

In 1812, when Louisiana was admitted as a state, we ceased to be part of the Louisiana Territory and became part of the Missouri Territory. In 1813 all the land south of New Madrid County, Missouri Territory, became Arkansas County; on January 15, 1815 the County of Lawrence was created out of the northern portion of Arkansas County; then in 1825 Izard County was created from the western portion of Lawrence County. In the years that followed, various sessions of the Territorial Legislature created new counties, gradually cutting down their geographical area as the population increased.

Though Carroll County was erected in 1833, a map published in 1835, failed to keep pace with the rapidly changing geography, and it showed only three counties along the North Arkansas boundary. They were Lawrence, Washington and Izard. The latter was geographically the larger of the three, extending from a line approximately half-way between the White and Black Rivers to the present line between Carroll and Benton

Counties. This early map did not show a settlement in the area that now comprises Boone County. The nearest point on the map was Liberty on the White River, at a location not far from the present Boone and Marion County line. A map published in 1836 does show Carroll County and the town of Carrollton. This town was the only settlement shown between Liberty and Fayetteville. By this time Carrollton had become the center of political life of what now constitutes Carroll, Madison, Newton and Boone Counties. Sometime in 1833 or 1834, a few months after the county was created, a log courthouse was built. Goodspeed in his "History of Northwest Arkansas" describes this building as follows: "It was about twenty feet square and two stories high. The building was intended as a temporary structure and was built south of the center of the public square in order not to interfere with the erection of its successor. There was a substantial stone chimney at the east end, built after the completion of the remainder of the building. There were two entrances to the lower floor, on the north and south sides, respectively. This floor was provided with benches, and was occupied during the sessions of the court. There was an inside stairway to the upper floor, which does not appear to have been used for any particular purpose."

The first business opened in Carrollton was a general merchandise store owned and operated by Henderson Lafferty, who also was a Methodist preacher. This was in 1834. In 1837 H. L. Denton and Tilford Denton established their general mercantile store and this became the second business in town.

Some of the first inhabitants of Carroll County who settled in that portion which now makes up Boone County were Bruce Boyd, Rowland Boyd, Peter Beller, William Beller, Eli Beller, James Holt, Robert Trotter, John

Trotter, John Watkins, William Watkins, Beal Gaither, Joseph Hickman, Jack Logan, Isham Blevins, John Blevins, John Estes, William Wallace, George Rowland, Samuel Slover, Samuel Hudson, John Hudson, Peter Sneed, Charles Sneed, William Sneed and Joseph Coker.

The above names are taken from the Carroll County Tax Records for the years 1834, 1835 and 1836. Of these families the Cokers, who resided on White River, have a very strong claim to the title of being one of the oldest families in the county, for as mentioned before, Schoolcraft stopped with them in 1818. There were other families living along the White River at this time and others came in via this route before the military road was completed. The Sneed family is known to have settled at the mouth of Bear Creek before 1830, and the Sneeds and Boyds cut the Dubuque Road from White River to a junction with the military road. Later the Sneeds moved to Osage, and the Boyds moved to Carrollton.

The Boyd family still lived at the mouth of Bear Creek while the Indians inhabited this area. This is established by the fact that Rowland Boyd made a talk one Thanksgiving at Carrollton in the 1870's in which he recited the many things for which he had to be thankful. He was, at the time of this talk, an old man, but he spoke of the days of his youth as he pointed out the development of this area from a wilderness to its then state of improvement. He recited his experiences hunting with the Indians, and told in particular that he believed himself to be the first white man to look upon the Osage hunting grounds in North Boone County. He said that when he was a very young man he had stood on a hill overlooking Bear Creek, with an Osage chief, who pointed out to him the Indian trail that wound over Barren Fork, by Buzzard Cliff and Crane Fork and then

on to White River.

In 1833 there were approximately one hundred fifty families in Carroll County, which county, as before stated, included the territory that now comprises the greatest portion of four counties (Carroll, Madison, Newton and Boone). The biggest tax payer in the county was Joseph Coker, who paid \$11.64 for that year. Apparently the second largest tax payer was William King, who paid \$7.26.

The tax returns certified to the Arkansas Territorial Government on January 10, 1835 show that John B. Bush was Circuit Clerk and Thos. W. Clark was Sheriff. From correspondence attached to the tax settlement it appears that there was an error which Clark sought to explain as follows: "We are awkwardly situated no council nor no law until last week when I happened to get hold of the law of Arkansas which still leaves us poor backwoodsman in the dark if we commit fault it is of the head not of the heart."

In the year 1834 the population of Carroll County more than doubled, for the tax list for that year showed the number of families paying taxes in the county to be in excess of three hundred and twenty-five. Then in 1836 Madison County was formed, but the increase in population in the area was sufficient so that Carroll County actually showed a slight increase in inhabitants.

Five years later the tax returns for 1841 listed more than one thousand families as living in the county. In this year another family, the Villines, appear on the tax list, thus indicating that this family had arrived sometime between 1838 and 1841. The first male settlers in this family bore the biblical names, Hezekiah, Hosea, Abram and Nathan. In this year other names that have since become quite common both in Carroll and Boone Counties were added to the list of tax payers. They were Alexander Fancher and James Fancher (the former be-

ing the person who subsequently organized the Fancher Caravan that was massacred at Mountain Meadows, Utah). Others whose names appear that year for the first time are Robert Capps, William Plumlee, William Ingram, Jacob Shipman, Matthew Shipman, Isaac Shipman, Jack Watkins, Isaiah Watkins, Fernandes Watkins and Jerimiah Youngblood.

In 1842 Carroll County was further reduced in size by the creation of Newton County, but in spite of this, just two years later, in 1844, there were over one thousand families in the reduced county. The tax returns for that year showed five hundred five polls. There were 8966 acres on the tax book for that year and the total assessed property valuation was \$119,009. Forty-two families in the county assessed a total of ninety-eight slaves. The only two families in the county who had more than two or three slaves were the Sneeds and Fanchers. Some others who brought slaves with them to this vicinity were Beverly Crump, John G. Crump, John Wagley, Abraham Watkins, Jack Baker, Mrs. Allie Holt, George Rowland, Moses Hopper, Ceaf Robinson, Dave Trotter and Richard Wright.

For some unexplained reason the next three years saw very little increase in the number of people living in Carroll County; for in 1847 there were a total of 535 polls in the county, and the slaves had increased to only 103. Other property assessed in that year was 2049 cattle and 1093 horses. That some small industries had begun to spring up in the county is evidenced by the fact that 1 saw mill, 2 tan yards and 4 distilleries appeared on the county tax books for that year. However, it is doubtful if all these industries employed as many men as did one industry at the mouth of Bear Creek in the year 1830. One writer says that at that time Dr. Alvah Jackson operated a bear oil rendering plant in this lo-

cation that employed a total of sixty men. The workers are enumerated as follows: twenty-five barrel makers, twenty-five bear killers, five rendering plant operators and five or more boat operators. This business is reported to have flourished for some four or five years before it was discontinued.

In the year 1847 another well known family, now residing in Boone County, the Eoffs, appeared on the Carroll County tax records. The male members of this family were William, Isaac, Samuel, John and Alexander.

These people who came in the late 1830's and in the 1840's traveled over the Fallen Ash Military Road, which, as stated before, went up the White River from Batesville to the Izard Court House, then north to Talbotts Post Office, where it crossed the river. From there it wound westward to Shawnee Town at the present site of Yellville; then the road passed through Rolling Prairie, which was near the present Boone-Marion County line on what is now the Troy Magness farm. There the route reached what is now Boone County proper and we have Mt. Pleasant, near what is now Bellefonte. The next settlement was Crooked Creek. From there the road passed on to the headwaters of Long Creek, where Carrollton, the county seat, was located. At that time the military road passed some three or four miles south of the present site of Harrison and near what is now called Caravan or Milum Spring. The settlement at this crossing was known as Beller's Stand. It was probably so called because some members of the Beller family had established a deer stand nearby for hunting purposes.

The people who passed this way were in search of land, and when they came to the valleys along Crooked Creek and Long Creek, or the beautiful, clear springs, such as the one at Bellefonte, some of them pulled off

the trail and established their homes. In this manner Carrollton, Bellefonte and Crooked Creek were born.

Among those who first came to Carrollton were Henderson Lafferty, the Benton brothers, John W. Peel, Henry Keys, and John and Joel Blair. Though some of these families had settled in the level little valley near the head-waters of Long Creek in 1833, the Carrollton Post Office was not established until July 29, 1834. Then it was established upon the discontinuance of Liberty, Izard County. In other words it was actually a change in name and location of a post office. The fact that the office was moved from one county to another, and that its new location was a distance of some thirty miles or more meant nothing in that day of vast distances.

Some of the first to settle at the beautiful spring near Mt. Pleasant, which later became Bellefonte, were the Cheathams and Dr. James H. Robinson.

Those who settled first at Beller Stand, which later became Crooked Creek were the Beller brothers, Joseph Hickman, Beal Gaither, William Mitchell, Garrett Greer and John and Robert Trotter. This settlement is of great significance in Boone County history, for it is the beginning of Harrison. The name of the post office was changed from Crooked Creek to Harrison on February 7, 1870.

Crooked Creek, Carroll County, Arkansas was established as a post office on July 14, 1836. Joseph Hickman was the first postmaster, and the postmasters who followed him for the next twenty-five years were William Beller, William Mitchell, Garrett Greer and Joseph Baines. Baines was postmaster in the years just preceding, during, and immediately following the Civil War; however, he took time out from his postal duties to fight with the Confederacy. He had three sons who likewise

fought with the South. Members of the Baines family moved into Texas and the Indian Territory where they attained positions of prominence. One of the most notable among these is Senator Lyndon Baines Johnson of Texas, who is now majority leader in the United States senate.

CHAPTER III

WHO WERE THEY, AND WHY DID THEY COME?

Let us pause for a moment and look at these first settlers who came to this section of Arkansas. What sort of people were they?

We can say that none of them were rich, and only a few were even well fixed in life, for these two classes do not emigrate to a new country. Conversely they were not shiftless and ne'er-do-wells, for these do not have the courage to face pioneer life. A look at the typical settler would probably reveal that he came from Tennessee or Kentucky, and if he came during the first twenty-five years after the Louisiana Purchase he came by boat up the White River. If he came later than that he probably came by wagon, drawn by one or two teams of oxen. Most of these families had little cash and but few belongings. Some had enough money to buy a small farm, but most were looking for wild, unsurveyed government lands on which they could settle. A few of the immigrants brought tools, furniture, cattle and horses; still fewer brought slaves. Thus slavery was neither a problem nor an issue among the early settlers in this section. It was an accepted practice in the states from which they came, and for that reason there was no abolitionist sentiment among them. The average Arkansas mountaineer just wasn't interested in slavery either way, for he was neither northern nor southern in his belief. He had become primarily western in his viewpoint.

These first mountaineers built simple one or two room log homes. The logs were usually rough and sometimes unhewn, and the cracks were chinked with home-made "daubin." Most of these houses had puncheon floors

or no floors. The roofs were made of hand riven boards. Doors and windows worked on leather hinges or on pegs fitted into holes. In almost every case the families were large and the children slept four or five to the bed, which bed was usually a shuck tick covered with rough quilts and bear skins. The only heat was one or more fireplaces, which likewise served to do the family cooking. A single iron pot hanging on a crane was used for cooking, heating water, washing clothes and making soap. One traveler tells of stopping at the home of an early mountaineer. The man of the house was a tobacco chewing talkative fellow who sat before the fireplace unreeling one yarn after another. He punctuated his stories by squirting tobacco juice into the fireplace. His wife was cooking a pot of squirrel, and it kept her busy shifting the pot out of the way of the flying tobacco juice. The traveler was hungry so he watched the maneuvering anxiously, until finally to his great dismay there was an error in timing and his host made a direct hit in the stew. The guest in telling the story remarked, "I wasn't able to eat over two or three pieces of that squirrel to save my life."

At night the pioneer cabins were lighted by crude lamps made from homemade wicks stuck in bowls or gourds filled with grease or bear oil.

Since we have here mentioned one of the uses of a gourd, let us talk briefly about this plant which is now largely forgotten, but which served so many functions for our ancestors. This tendril-bearing vine that was present in all gardens two or three generations ago bore a fruit which at no stage of its development was edible; yet the fruit was used daily in almost every household. Practically all homes had one or more gourd dippers made from the dried shell of the fruit. In addition these shells were used for bottles to hold grease, sugar or

honey, and as stated above they were used in the making of crude lamps. It was quite a common saying among the hill folks that something "shone like a greased gourd." Also the use of gourds as a storage place for sugar was the inspiration for one hoedown fiddle tune called "Sugar in a Gourd."

Some of these early families were a little better fixed than their neighbors. These more fortunate ones often had a three or four room log house. Usually these houses were two stories high with sand stone chimneys at either end of the building, and the chimneys were so constructed that there were fireplaces above and below at either end of the house. An open hall-way ran through the center of the house from the front entrance to the back. To the rear there would be a log smoke-house, and if the family chanced to own slaves there would be one or two slave cabins in the rear. Beyond the small out-building would be a log barn, probably surrounded by a rail or pole fence.

A check of the early tax records reflects that in the main the farms were small but this is readily understandable when we take into consideration the fact that open range was practically unlimited. Ordinarily a man purchased or preempted what he intended to clear and cultivate, and his stock was marked or branded and turned on the open range.

Above the pioneer's door hung a Kentucky rifle or a musket, and a shot pouch and powder horn. These were the most important implements in the household. The dense woodlands abundantly supplied every kind of wild game known to the area. Much time was spent in hunting, and generally there was meat on the table.

The early settler did some fishing, yet to him fishing was not a sport but a means of obtaining food. The

methods used in making the catch were "noodlin'" with the hands, netting with crude homemade nets, gigging, shooting with bow and arrow, or poisoning the fish with mashed green walnuts or some other vegetable poison.

Many of these early settlers brought with them considerable knowledge of the art of distilling liquor. In addition to the "knowhow" they also had the feeling that every man had the right to make his own "likker." Their attitude on this issue is pretty well reflected by the fact that there were four legal distillers in Carroll County in 1847. There were alleged to have been many times that number operating without license.

In the main there was little in the way of amusement on the community level for these people if amusement is judged by our standards today. They did have their Fourth of July picnics, and there were log raisings when a new family moved into the community. Sometimes there were neighborhood play-parties at someone's home, and here there was always fiddling and dancing. On the religious side there were "meetin's" when the circuit rider came by or when some traveling preacher happened through the country. Sometimes two of these preachers met in the community, and often this wound up with a religious debate in which the various doctrinal differences were aired at great length. Unbelievable as it might seem, witch trials by the church were not completely unheard of in those early days. There is at least one instance of such a trial being held in what is now Boone County. In this case an elderly, partially blind woman, who lived on Lick Branch, was tried by her church for witchcraft. She was found guilty and excommunicated. The prosecuting witness made a statement that the accused had come to the complainant's house at night, saddled and bridled her and rode her for miles over the hills and valleys of Carroll County.

This case has probably never before been mentioned in writing, but this writer's source of information was a person who witnessed the trial.

The homes were all meagerly furnished with home-made beds, chairs and tables. Dishes and kitchen utensils were almost non-existent, and the average family had great difficulty in setting a table for its own members, let alone company. In the main it was even harder to find proper implements with which to eat, than it was to get the food itself. Though we do not like to quote from a source so great in disrepute as the account of a certain slow means of transportation through our beloved state, still there is some merit in the statement therein contained of the family that had their kitchen cutlery named "big butch, little butch, old case and cob handle." A traveler who pretty well covered this area at an early date brings out the same point in telling of his and a fellow sojourner's stopping for the night with a poor backwoodsman. The family had beans and corn pone for supper. The narrator got only a one tine fork at his plate, and his fellow traveler received only a sharp pointed knife. Both were experiencing great difficulty; one in stringing the beans on the single prong of his fork and the other in balancing the beans on his knife blade. Then they noticed that their host was scooping his beans up with a piece of cornbread crust. They fell in line with his method and thereby satisfactorily solved their eating problem.

These early settlers had their ideas about weather, planting, medicines, tonics and kindred subjects. Some of these ideas were brought with them from the hill country east of the Mississippi; some date back to England, Scotland or Ireland; others came into being in the first generations that resided here in the Ozark hills.

The coming of a certain type of weather was often

forecast on the basis of the actions of animals. For instance, if hogs began carrying sticks and twigs to make a bed, this meant that bad weather was in the offing. If chickens came out to eat in the rain, this meant that there would be a long rainy spell. A rain crow's call or the croak of a tree frog were sure signs of rain. If it clouded up on a frost there would be "fallin'" weather. Even today we all know the old saying: "Rainbow in the morning' sailors warnin'. Rainbow at night shepherds delight." We know too, that a dry moon rides on its back and a wet moon is tilted so it can't hold water. Some believed that the weather on Old Christmas (Epiphany, Jan. 6th) controlled or at least indicated the weather for the next six weeks, in that the prevailing wind on the morning of that day would be the prevailing wind for the next forty days.

All of the old timers planted by the moon and the signs of the Zodiac. Though we today feel there is little to this belief, still most of us plant our beans on Good Friday, our cucumbers when the sign is in the Gemini, our potatoes in the dark of the moon, and our corn in the light of the moon. Some still think that turnips should be planted on July 25th and cane when the first katydids sing. Most all of us know that the time to kill sprouts is in the dark of the moon when the sign is in the heart.

All of these ideas were handed down to us by our ancestors who settled here prior to the Civil War. Though modern science tells us they are superstitions, still we all have one or two in which we privately believe.

Nearly all of the old settlers in the Ozarks believed that certain persons were water witches in that they had the power to locate underground streams by the use of forked sticks. Most water witches used a green fork of a peach tree, a few used hazel. The person doing the

witching took one prong in each hand with the stem pointing up, then he walked around in the area where water was being sought. When an underground stream was crossed the stick would twist in his hands so that the stem pointed down. Of course we know today that there is nothing to this superstitious belief, but, strange as it may seem the witch stick works for some people and doesn't for others.

There were countless hundreds of home remedies for almost every kind of ailment. A few were good and have been preserved for posterity, but many were of very questionable value and often the remedy seemed worse than the malady itself. Fresh cow manure poultice was used to bring boils to a head. Sheep pill tea taken internally was a sure-fire method of "breakin' out" measles. Then there were verses that could be repeated to remove styes. Some persons could remove warts by handling them, while other took them off with applications of stump water. In these early days every neighborhood had at least one mad stone that could be used in case of a bite by a mad dog. These stones, which were usually gray or red, and porous in appearance were supposedly taken from the stomach of a white deer. Before being used the stones were soaked in milk. When placed on the wound they were said to stick to the affected place until the poison was drawn out, if the dog was really rabid.

We should emphasize here that not everyone in the Ozarks believed in all of these superstitions. Most did believe in a few of them. The lack of scientific knowledge and information forced people to rely on their own native wits, hence it was natural that many false ideas of cause and effect would develop in the fields of medicine and science.

The past centuries in the Ozark country, before the

arrival of our ancestors, had seen the Indians, Spanish and French come and go. It is hard to imagine a past that would lend a more colorful background to tales of hidden treasures, than the Spanish explorers who had passed this way. In our own county at least two legends of lost treasures continued throughout our early history, and one of them finally culminated in a silver rush.

First there is the legend of Coweta Falls, which has to do with a pot of gold that was supposedly hidden in a cave near Coweta. It is said that there are Indian symbols drawn in the cave—a moccasin, a snake and a pot of gold. These same signs were supposed to be on a map brought to this country by an Indian. Through the use of the crude map and symbols, together with the signs that were made on the cave wall, it was supposed to be possible to find the treasure. Whether the Indian ever found the treasure or not has never been revealed.

The other legend is of a lost silver mine. It came to a head in the following manner:

Somewhere around the year 1880 a Mexican or Spaniard came to the Batavia neighborhood and pitched camp. He made several inquiries about the general topography of the country, but particularly he inquired about certain land marks on top of Pilot Knob. This stranger had in his possession what purported to be an old Spanish map. The map was seen by several natives, and they reported that it was a pretty good map of the mountain and surrounding territory. Particular inquiry was made by the map bearer as to the location of a weak all-weather spring ninety yards southwest from the main rock which is the crest of the mountain. Then a slight hint was dropped that some two hundred yards north from this spring was an abandoned Spanish silver mine. This information fell on the ears of three boys, who went

to the location mentioned bright and early the following day, and found in the place indicated an opening that had apparently been walled up by hand. In digging into this place the young adventurers found what appeared to be human bones. The next day the report was made that the mine had been discovered. The word spread like wild-fire, and in a few days the entire mountain had been staked in mining claims. But to this date not one ounce of silver has been taken out of any of the claims.

* * *

We hope we have given some insight into the sort of folks these Ozark pioneers were. But may we again emphasize that they were poor people accustomed to hardships. Generally they were from Tennessee and Kentucky, and the force that brought them west was the opportunity to obtain land. To them the argument over slavery was an unpleasant issue that had been left behind. Now their eyes were turned to the western horizon and the opportunities that were there. Sometimes they were given to superstitions, but always they were philosophical in their concept of life. Often they were short on ambition, but almost invariably they were happy with their lot. Probably no more interesting and lovable people have ever lived anywhere.

CHAPTER IV

CARROLLTON, CROOKED CREEK AND DEATH ON THE MEADOWS

The 1840's saw many changes in Carroll County. It grew from a total population of 2,844 in 1840 to 4,614 in 1850. However the growth in the hill section of Arkansas was not keeping pace with the rest of the state, for during the same period the population increased in the whole state from 97,574 to 209,897. Much of the hill land that was settled was in the hands of squatters or preemptors. Though the government sold land for \$1.25 per acre, many preferred to squat on a desirable tract with the idea of buying a land warrant from a veteran of the War of 1812 or the Mexican War and claiming the land under it. By this method much of the land in this area was obtained. The United States had given all its veterans a bonus in the form of a Land Warrant, with which they could purchase government lands. These warrants were transferable, and many were bartered by veterans in need of cash. In some cases they sold for so little that desirable tracts of land were obtained for twenty-five cents or less per acre.

In this period Carrollton itself had begun to grow up. During the '40s a second court house was built. Goodspeed tells us that this building was thirty feet by forty feet in dimensions and was two stories high. This time brick construction replaced the old log building, and since this was expected to be the permanent structure, it was built in the center of the square. In this new building the lower floor was used as a court room. The upper floor was reached by an interior stairway; it was partitioned into three rooms, one of which was used

as a clerk's office and the two others as jury rooms. This building was burned in 1860, and before it could be rebuilt the Civil War intervened so that the county was without a court house for more than five years. In addition to the court house the town had four stores, two hotels, a school and lodge hall, a blacksmith shop and some twenty-five residences.

During the years from 1840 to 1860 the men who had come first to the Carrollton-Crooked Creek area of Carroll County figured prominently in its political history. Charles Sneed served as sheriff from 1836 to 1842. William Beller was county treasurer from 1838 to 1842, and during this same period of time Beller was also serving as postmaster of Crooked Creek. William Mitchell was state senator for fourteen years (1840-54). During this period he served as postmaster at Crooked Creek for two months. Two years after Mitchell's tenure as senator, William W. Watkins was elected to this office and served for six years. Watkins was the most outstanding political figure in this vicinity in the years immediately preceeding and following the Civil War. After the war he served two more terms in the state senate. Before the war he was a delegate to the Secession Convention, and after secession he was one of Arkansas' representatives to the Congress of the Confederacy.

Some Crooked Creek and Carrollton men who served in the office of state representative during this period were Beal Gaither, 1840-42; G. W. Baines and James Fancher, 1842-44; G. E. Bernie, 1844-46; Tilford Denton, 1850-52.

In 1846 our state took a rather active part in the war with Mexico. In response to a request from President Polk for a regiment of mounted troops, Governor Thomas S. Drew issued a call for ten companies. Notice was sent to Carrollton and the other county seats. Carroll

County promptly raised a company and dispatched a man by the name of Gregory to Little Rock with the muster-roll, so the company might secure a place in the regiment. When the messenger arrived the regiment was full so the Carroll County boys failed to get into this fracas.

During all these years new families were arriving in Carroll County. From Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri they came, and those who came from Missouri were in the main Tennesseans and Kentuckians who had temporarily sojourned with our neighbor to the north. In 1860 the white population of the county had increased to 9,053 and the colored population was 330. These figures graphically show that slavery was not profitable in the hill country, and that time would have completely eliminated it as an issue with the mountaineers. There was at this time no crystalized sentiment on the issues of slavery or secession in the Ozarks.

It was in these years just prior to 1860 that the writer's ancestors, both paternal and maternal came to Arkansas. The paternal side from Kentucky in 1858, to settle near Carrollton; the maternal line from Tennessee via Missouri in 1857, to settle six miles north of Crooked Creek, where the present Harrison Country Club is now located. Neither side owned slaves, but the Kentuckians had come from slave-owning families, and in the war that followed they fought with the Confederacy. The Tennesseans remained loyal to the Union.

Even as these families poured into the Arkansas hills from the east, hundreds of those already here were moving west across the desert to a new frontier. The discovery of gold in California had set caravan after caravan rolling out of the Arkansas hills toward the western deserts. For twelve years, until the war halted their westward trek, family after family left their rocky Ozark

homes for the promise of a more bountiful life than they had ever dreamed was possible. Many an Ozarkian made his fortune and remained on the west coast; some came home broke; a few met death on the desert at the hands of Indians and thieves. The most terrible example of the latter was the Fancher Caravan that was destroyed at Mountain Meadows, Utah in September, 1857.

In the last week of April or the first week in May, 1857 this ill-fated emigrant train was formed at the Beller Stand. For a week some of the families had camped by the big spring near Crooked Creek, while they waited for others from Marion, Crawford and Johnson Counties to join them. Captain Alexander Fancher of the Osage community in Carroll County was the leader of the party. Captain Fancher had made two overland journeys to California prior to this 1857 trek.

On file in the National Archives in Washington, D. C. is a list submitted by William Mitchell to the Office of Indian Affairs, Utah Superintendency, dated April 27, 1860 at Crooked Creek, Arkansas. Mitchell's list contains the names of most of those who started with the caravan from Beller's Stand in the spring of 1857 and who were massacred. Three of his sons were among those killed. His list together with some additions and corrections based upon family records and the Federal Census of 1850 gives us the following information:

From Carroll County there were Alexander Fancher, his wife and seven children; Captain John T. Baker, fifty-two years of age, and his son, George W. Baker, twenty-seven years of age, and George's wife, Manerva and daughter, Vinia; Abel Baker, nineteen years old, son of John T. Baker; James Matthew Fancher and Robert Fancher, nineteen and twenty-five years old respectively, both being the sons of Jane Fancher.

Others from Carroll County were David Beller and

Melissa Ann Beller, the twelve year old son and the fourteen year old daughter of William C. Beller; Milum Rush; Allen Deshazo; the Mitchell brothers, Charles R., twenty-five years of age, together with his wife and one child, and Joel D. Mitchell, twenty-four years of age, and the younger brother, Lawson; William and John Prewett, two brothers; Jesse Dunlap, wife, Sarah and children, Jesse M., Ibba A., Elijah M., Susan A., Catherine and Beda M.; William Camron, his wife, Martha and three children, James, Martha and Larkin.

From Marion County there were L. D. Dunlap and five children; William Wood; Solomon Wood; Richard Wilson.

Those listed from Johnson County were J. Milam Jones, wife and one child; Pleasant Tacket, wife and two children; Cintha Tacket and three children; Peter Huff, wife and three children; Josiah Miller, wife and three children.

In addition to the ones who were killed there were seventeen children who were spared. Goodspeed names the surviving children as follows:

Rebecca, Louisa and Sarah Dunlap, daughters of Jesse Dunlap.

Prudence Angeline and Georgiana Dunlap, daughters of L. D. Dunlap.

Elizabeth, Sarah R. and William T. Baker, children of George W. Baker.

K. C. and Tryphena Fancher, children of Alexander Fancher.

John C., Mary and Joseph Miller, children of Joseph M. Miller (probably the same as Josiah Miller).

M. and William Tacket, children of Pleasant Tacket.

F. M. and Sophronia Jones, children of J. M. Jones (called Milam Jones or J. Milam Jones on some lists).

These surviving children together with those listed

above as having been killed makes a total of some eighty persons. The accounts written at the time generally agree that there were one hundred and thirty-seven or one hundred thirty-eight people in the party at the time they were attacked at Mountain Meadows. Just who all the other members were will probably never be known; however, from fragmentary information obtained from different sources it is possible to determine pretty definitely who some of them were.

We know that there were some Missourians in the party, for Elizabeth Baker Terry, who as a seven year old child survived the massacre, speaks of a party from Missouri traveling with them part of the way. Most of these, together with a few from Arkansas, separated from the main body of the caravan and took the southern route. One of the families from Arkansas that took this route was Mrs. Sally Cecil, widow of Riley Cecil, and her five sons and four daughters.

Also there was a Frank E. King, who traveled from Pacific Springs, Wyoming to Salt Lake City, Utah with the Fancher party. There he was forced to stop because of the illness of his wife. Years later he recalled the names of several families in the party. Among those remembered by him and not mentioned in the prior lists were Morton, Haydon, Hudson, Aden, Stevenson, Hamilton and Smith. King thought that there were about sixty men, forty women and fifty children in the caravan at the time he was forced to leave it at Salt Lake City.

There was a man named William Eaton from Illinois, who had recently come there from his native state of Indiana. He joined the party somewhere in Arkansas or Missouri.

At Provo, Utah a young artist named Allen Aden fell in with the party and went on to Mountain Meadows.

Aden was from an old family living at Paris, Henry County, Tennessee. He had been painting and sketching on the Utah deserts for several months when the caravan came by and he decided to join it on the journey to California.

But the first chapter of this tragic story began early on a Spring morning when the caravan pulled out from their camp at Beller Stand and moved westward on the military road toward Carrollton. Almost immediately they passed the home of Joseph Baines, where the Crooked Creek Post Office was then located. Several miles beyond they came to the point where the road forked, and there they turned to the right toward Missouri.

Goodspeed says that the train consisted of about forty wagons, several carriages in which the ladies rode, nearly a thousand head of cattle, several hundred horses, including a stallion valued at \$2,000. All in all the wealth of the caravan was estimated at \$70,000.

The party proceeded to St. Joseph where it turned west through Kansas and on into Colorado by the accustomed route. They reached Salt Lake City in August. Other parties had joined them from time to time along the way, but before they reached the Mormon country most of these others had veered off on the southern route. The last party to join them was from Missouri, but they likewise took the southern course before they reached Salt Lake City.

For an account of the last days of the Fancher party's journey let us take the words of Elizabeth Baker Terry, who was an eyewitness:

"Six months had passed when we at last camped on the Jordan River in Utah.

"Our provisions were running low. The cattle were weary and footsore, but we were jubilant. In those days

pioneers looked upon Utah as a supply station for the final drive to California. At American Forks, a small settlement, attempts were made to re-provision. The Mormons met our offers with sullen shakes of their heads.

"We went through Battle Creek, Provo, Springwell, Spanish Fork, Salt Creek and Fillimore, then we reached Mountain Meadows. Ever since emigrants began plying their way across the continent, the Meadows had been a resting place for travelers. This five mile long valley, filled with luxuriant grass, was a mile wide and bordered by low-flung mountains.

"Near the lower end the valley tapered to a mere three or four hundred yards, as the gap led out to the scorched sands of the desert beyond. A spring made this section of the Meadows a natural camping ground. Here we halted to rest.

"The day before we were to start was spent in a final check. Every family was on rations. Most of us sought our blankets not long after sundown.

"I awoke early. A coffee aroma permeated the wagons, which had been drawn up in helter-skelter fashion.

"Suddenly there was a rattle of fire from the hillside nearest our camp.

"Whooping savages tumbled down the slope and sliced off our milling stock.

"The men worked frantically, shoving the heavy schooners and carriages into the form of a huge corral. A few, armed with long rifles, stood on guard. The last wagon was in line when the main band of savages charged down the mountain side, yelling and shooting. Rifles began to bark along the train. The attackers hesitated before the viciousness of the fire and fell back. The respite gave us time to dig in. Under Captain Fan-

cher's direction the wheels of the wagon corral were locked together by means of chains. Others hurried out with picks and shovels and dug feverishly to throw up a breastwork. Even the women helped.

"We were on a traveled route and it appeared that all we had to do was to stand the Indians off until help arrived.

"The sun tortured us with intense heat. By midday it was almost unbearable, and we were almost out of water. Later in the day the last of the brackish water was consumed.

"On the evening of the third day the Indians made their most determined attack. Crouched low, they circled about the train, shooting inaccurately. The Meadows afforded little cover and our assailants felt the lash of the corral sharpshooters. Back they went to the hillsides, carrying their wounded with them. The seige was on again.

"The fourth day was the worst of all. The wounded were actually dying of thirst. The entire caravan was weak from lack of water.

"The morning of the fifth day dawned. Our resistance was crumbling rapidly. Our ammunition was nearly gone. The stench of our unburied dead was in our nostrils. And always with us was the agony of thirst.

"The cry of a sentry shook us from our stupor. Two men, mounted on horses and bearing a white flag, were advancing toward us.

"In a twinkling, hope transformed our ranks. We cheered weakly. The horsemen came on at a walk, so slowly I thought they would never reach the corral. A square-made man with an air of authority dismounted, smiling at our greetings. He left his companion with the horses. Captain Fancher stepped forward. The stranger

took Fancher's hand. 'John D. Lee,' he said, 'Indian Commissioner for this district.'

"Eagerly we crowded about him. He explained gravely that the Piaute Indians were rebellious and difficult to handle, but he believed he could persuade them to parley. In a lengthy conference between Lee and the men of our band, he gained our complete confidence."

Here we will leave Mrs. Terry's narrative briefly, and in order to better understand Lee's visit, let us turn to the events that had transpired in Cedar City in the days preceeding the attack.

When the covered wagon and carriages passed through that city they were closely watched by three Mormon Saints. These men were Isaac Haight, Philip Klingensmith and John Higbee.

Haight was president of the Parowan Stake, and a lieutenant colonel in the Mormon Militia.

Klingensmith was bishop of Cedar City.

Higbee was a major in the county militia.

The fanaticism of these three, coupled with their memory of the martyred Joseph Smith, and their possession of information that part of the travelers were from Missouri and Illinois (these were the scenes of persecution against the Mormons) had helped move them into an unholy plot.

There was another incident too, that contributed to the bitter feelings toward this particular caravan. Just three years before this time Elder Parley P. Pratt, one of the devout saints, had come to Louisiana and Arkansas as the first missionary to represent his sect in these states. Among his converts was a Mrs. McLean of Louisiana, who allegedly deserted her husband to become a polygamous wife of Saint Pratt. McLean, himself, was away from home at the time, when he returned he opposed

the changed status. Pratt had already started westward, but McLean pursued him and had him arrested. Pratt was freed on arraignment, and again started his westward journey. McLean was not satisfied with the outcome of the court hearing, so he again followed Pratt. This time he overtook Pratt near the present town of Alma. There McLean attacked Pratt with a bowie knife and stabbed him to death. The word of Pratt's death soon made its way to the Mormon country. The Mormons felt that Pratt's death should be avenged.

All of these wrongs had burned deep into the hearts of the Mormon people, so that it was easy for Haight, Klingensmith and Higbee to whip them up into a religious frenzy. Records of the Cedar City Council meeting indicate that the council developed a messianic complex, in that they felt that God had actually sent the caravan to them so that a blood atonement could be made for the great wrongs that had been done against the Mormons in Missouri, Illinois and Arkansas.

Haight, Klingensmith and Higbee were too cowardly and too hypocritical to attack the train themselves, so they decided they would bribe the Piautes to do the job. This is where John D. Lee came into the picture, for as Indian agent he was on friendly terms with the various tribes in the Mormon country.

The following night was spent in consultation with Lee. The three convinced Lee that the Gentiles had stolen cattle, insulted Mormon women, threatened to burn every Mormon town in Utah, and that they even had with them the gun with which one of their number had assassinated Joseph Smith. With their anger fanned to a white heat the four then pledged themselves to wipe out the hated Gentiles. After their pledge they remained together until dawn, praying fervently. But the next day someone among the four conspirators talked to other

Mormons, and the more sober heads in Cedar City made plans to head off the vicious plot. There was no one to whom they could appeal locally, so they decided to go to the highest recognized authority. They dispatched a messenger to Brigham Young to ask his decision. The messenger reached President Young on September 10, 1857. It is pretty conclusively established that Young sent the messenger back immediately with the command to give the emigrants safe passage through the Mormon country. The messenger did not arrive until after the siege had begun, and as a matter of fact, it had almost failed because the Indians had met such stubborn resistance that they were ready to call the whole thing off.

Haight received Brigham Young's message, but the besieged caravan already knew too much, so there could be no backing up. He deliberately lied to Higbee, who in turn passed the erroneous order to Lee. The order Lee received read: "Kill everyone old enough to talk."

Several of the Indians had already gone back to their homes, so Lee and Higbee recruited some forty fanatical Saints to help them write the last chapter to this sordid tale.

This brings us up to date with the Mormon phase of our story, for it was at this point that John D. Lee rode up under a flag of truce, dismounted from his horse, and taking Alexander Fancher by the hand, offered his services to help the caravan in their hour of dire need.

Let us now turn back to Mrs. Terry's account of the last gruesome details of this dark picture.

"When the Indian Commissioner rode off our hopes and prayers went with him. He was gone two hours.

"He came back at a gallop, a wagon following in his dust. He said, 'They've agreed to let you go if you'll surrender your arms.'

"At first the men objected, then finally agreed to the terms.

"Slowly they filed to the wagon Lee had brought with him. Rifles clattered in the bed.

"John D. Lee smiled grimly and nodded to the driver. The wagon rumbled off over the low rise. Mounting his horse, Lee spurred a short distance from the corral. He rose in his stirrups and shouted, 'Do your duty!'

"Bewildered we stood there. The Indians, shrieking, shooting, yelling, tumbled down the slope triumphantly. For a moment the entire wagon train was frozen into immobility.

"I started to follow my mother and stumbled. The last I saw of her, she was running toward our carriage with little Billy in her arms. And the Indians were upon us.

"Now I could see they weren't all Indians. Whites had painted themselves to resemble their savage companions. With bloodcurdling yells they leaped on the defenseless pioneers. I sought shelter under a wagon and peered out between the spokes.

"I saw my father fall to the ground.

"The Indians and their white companions killed and killed. The sight of blood sent them into a fanatical frenzy. One huge white kept shouting, 'For Jehovah!'

"The fiends slackened their butchering only when there were no more victims. Dripping paint and blood, they stood panting, searching for any signs of life among the hacked and clubbed bodies.

"A white man took me by the hand and led me to a wagon where several other children had been placed.

"I found my sister, Sarah Frances, there.

"As we left, the Indians and whites were completing their looting. Some of the disguised Mormons were washing their paint at the spring.

"Our wagon creaked to the Hamblin ranch a mile away, where it discharged its sobbing cargo.

"We were held at the ranch for several days while the Mormons debated on how to dispose of us.

"No effort was made to give the bodies a decent preparation for burial. Not until 1859 did a passing detachment of U. S. Cavalry stop to gather the bones into one grave. A rock cairn was erected. On one stone was carved the words: 'Here lie the bones of one hundred and twenty men, women and children, from Arkansas, murdered on the 10th day of September, 1857.'

"An officer painted on a cross-like beam above the cairn:

'Vengeance is mine saith the Lord. I will repay'."

The first news that leaked out of Utah told of a terrible massacre by the Indians, and it was not until months later that the true facts were suspected. Here we must place much of the blame on Brigham Young, for though the best evidence seems to indicate he did not sanction the act, he did become an accessory after the fact in that he helped conceal the crime.

When the story came to light, William W. Watkins, who was then state senator, was sent to Washington to press for an investigation into the massacre. He secured an audience with the president, and thereby started the wheels in motion for government intervention.

In 1859 James Lynch of the U. S. Army took possession of the seventeen surviving children and returned them to Ft. Leavenworth where William Mitchell, who had lost three sons in the massacre, met them and transported the children to Carrollton, Arkansas.

The main credit for solving this terrible crime goes to Judge Cradlebaugh, who was federal judge for Utah Territory. When Justice Cradlebaugh's investigation brought all the facts to light, Brigham Young excom-

municated Haight, Klingensmith, Higbee and Lee. Klingensmith turned against the others and made an affidavit placing the blame on the other three. Haight and Higbee managed to avoid arrest and Lee alone was captured and tried.

United States Marshal William Stokes arrested Lee in 1874, seventeen years after the massacre.

Lee was tried twice. The first hearing was declared a mistrial, but on the second trial Lee was deserted by the church and left to face his crime alone. Old and broken, Lee then wrote a full confession, but in his confession he contended that he had only done his sacred duty. He stated he had obeyed orders given him by Haight and Klingensmith, and that their orders came from God.

He was sentenced to die and he chose the firing squad as the method of his execution. On March 23, 1877 the government had him transported to the exact spot on which the emigrants stood when Lee came to them with a white flag and guaranteed their safety. Lee sat on his coffin and refused the marshal's offer of a bandage for his eyes. The rifles roared and the twisted, fanatical life of John Doyle Lee was snuffed out.

This officially closed the Mountain Meadows case.

CHAPTER V

THE MOUNTAINEERS OPPOSE SECESSION

As 1860 drew near most of the nation seemed conscious of an impending conflict, but the people of Carroll County were not nearly so deeply moved by the threats of secession and war as they were by the bloody Utah massacre that was still fresh in their memories. Mountain Meadows had become a symbol of treachery, and the names "Mormon," "John D. Lee" and "Brigham Young" were words spoken only with bitterness and hatred. The Ozark mountaineer had no strong feeling on the issue of slavery and secession, but he was now so violently anti-Mormon that for many years to come the Mormon Church was destined to see failure in all its efforts at missionary work in the Arkansas hills.

By now the average mountaineer had several acres cleared. He had built a simple log house and he could see the home of his dreams slowly taking form on the land he had cleared from the wilderness. His only aspirations were to be left alone to clear and farm his land. He did not own slaves and he knew that he probably never would; but due to his southern background he was not generally opposed to slavery. He did not view it as being altogether good, nor did he consider it to be wholly bad; and, above all, it was nothing demanding such drastic action as secession or war. His views were important to the future of the state, for the Ozark mountaineers were in a slight numerical majority over the delta settlers. These hill people were in no mood to leave the Union no matter how violently the southern radicals beat the drums of secession, but all the cards were stacked against them. The wealth of the state was opposed to their stand, and the State Democratic ma-

chine was controlled by the secessionists; however, the mountaineers were determined to fight to the last ditch to avoid leaving the Union. They made their fight and lost; but, when they lost, the majority of them sided with the southland.

The year 1860 was an election year, and as the time for the election approached the Arkansawyers aligned themselves behind either Breckinridge, who was an ardent states-rights man, or Bell, who was a unionist, conciliatory toward the south. When the voting was over Breckinridge led Bell by a vote of 27,732 to 20,094, while Douglas was receiving 5,227. The big surprise came to the people of Arkansas when a political unknown from Illinois was elected. The new president, Abraham Lincoln, was not even on the ballot in Arkansas and had not received a single vote in the state.

The cry for separation from the Union now became louder, and Arkansas' Senator Johnson and Congressmen Hindman and Gantt together with Governor Rector advocated disunion. These men were the most powerful political figures in the state and their influence was sufficient to force the legislature to summon a convention to deal with the problem of relationship to the Union. The move for such a convention was opposed by the hill counties. Carroll joined Sebastian, Sevier, Clark, Marion, Newton, Searcy, Conway, Pike, Van Buren and Columbia Counties in sending strong anti-secession resolutions to the legislature. In their resolutions Carroll, Marion, Newton and Searcy placed the blame for slavery agitation on political demagogues.

In spite of this strong opposition the legislature directed the governor to call a state-wide referendum on the Secession Convention for February 18, 1861. In this same election the delegates to the convention were to be named. On the date set for the election the people voted

27,412 for the convention and 15,826 against. At the same time however, they elected a majority of Unionist delegates to the convention. The delegates elected from Carroll County were William W. Watkins and Dr. B. H. Hobbes, both of whom opposed secession. These men were opposed in the election by secession candidates Dr. Dijon and E. G. Mitchell. The vote was 1464 for the Unionist candidates and 36 for the Secessionists.

Thus it was that Watkins and Hobbes, together with the other delegates from the hills, went to the convention, which met in the State House in Little Rock, pledged to hold Arkansas in the Union. On March 4th the Convention was called to order, and the first business was the election of a convention president. The Unionists nominated David Walker of Washington County and the Secessionists advanced B. C. Totten of Prairie County. The mountaineers elected their man by a vote of 40 to 35.

By now the seven cotton states had seceded from the Union. This caused great influence to be brought upon the convention to place Arkansas in line with her sister states. Commissiosers from South Carolina and Georgia (A. C. Spain and D. P. Hill) appeared before the convention and implored Arkansas to follow the example set by their states. Then an appeal was made by a former Arkansas citizen, W. S. Oldham, who presented a communication from Jefferson Davis asking Arkansas to separate from the United States. On March 9th Governor Rector urged immediate separation from the Union. On this same date the Secessionists proposed that the State of Arkansas give official recognition to the Confederacy. The Unionists countered with a series of compromise resolutions listing the southern grievances against the north. Their resolutions further proposed that these grievances be presented to the Federal Govern-

ment with a request that they be remedied by certain constitutional changes. In these resolutions the hill people were expressing their true sentiments on the issue of disunion. They felt that the south had been wrongfully treated, but that constitutional guarantees against further encroachments, instead of secession, were the remedy.

These resolutions brought on a showdown vote, but not in the way expected.

T. B. Hanly of Phillips County countered the resolutions by a motion to amend by striking out all after the preamble and inserting an ordinance of secession in their place. Again the mountaineers stood together and beat down the secession effort by a vote of 39 to 35. Watkins and Hobbes from Carroll were among those who helped hold the state in the Union by voting against the Hanly motion.

The Secessionists decided now that their cause was lost, so they moved to adjourn sine dine, but before the adjournment a resolution was adopted recording faith in the continuation of the Union.

Weeks passed with Arkansas still clinging to the Union by a narrow margin of some four delegate votes. Just at this time certain events occurred that brought about considerable change in the attitudes of the hill people. Fort Sumter was fired upon, and Lincoln called upon Arkansas to furnish part of the 75,000 men needed to put down the insurrection. This was the turning point of sentiment in Arkansas, for the majority of the mountaineers, as distasteful as breaking with the Union might be to them, could not bring themselves to fight their kinsmen east of the Mississippi.

To Lincoln's demand for troops from Arkansas, Governor Rector replied: "In answer to your demand for troops from Arkansas—I have to say that none will be furnished. The demand is only adding insult to injury.

The people of this commonwealth are free men, not slaves, and will defend to the last extremity their honor, lives and property against northern mendacity and usurpation."

Heretofore a majority of the people of Arkansas favored compromise rather than secession, but now it became more and more apparent to them that compromise was impossible. In the delta section of the state sentiment had been kindled to a white heat; and the people of at least one cotton county had gone so far as to recommend that there be a speedy and peaceable division of the state, so the counties for secession might act in concert.

The delegates in the hill country, sensing that a change was taking place in the minds of their people, started a grass roots sounding of sentiment. In Carroll County delegates Watkins and Hobbes conducted mass meetings in every township. From most of the neighborhoods came the same reaction—the men of Carroll County would not be parties to the suppression of the southern rebels, and if they must choose between secession or a fight against their sister states, then they would secede. All over the hill country it was virtually the same story, except that Union sentiment still predominated in Searcy, Newton and Madison Counties. In Washington and Pike Counties sentiment was almost equally divided.

Delegates were now pressing for a re-assembly of the Secession Convention, so David Walker called a meeting for May 6, 1861.

This time the body assembled in an atmosphere of tension and excitement. The galleries were packed with spectators and the isles were filled with men, women and children who jostled each other, while other children sat in the windows and squatted beside the delegate's chairs.

Almost immediately a committee presented an ordinance which reviewed the grievances of the state against the Federal Government, and "declared and ordained" that "the Union now subsisting between the State of Arkansas and the other states under the name of the United States of America is hereby forever dissolved."

The men from the hills knew now that secession was upon them; however, they made one more effort to forestall immediate action. Densmore of Benton County proposed by way of amendment that the ordinance of secession be referred to the people for ratification. This amendment was defeated by a vote of 55 to 15. Then came the final vote on the ordinance itself, and secession carried by a vote of 65 to 5. The negative votes were cast by Isaac Murphy and H. H. Bollinger of Madison, John Campbell of Searcy, T. M. Gunter of Washington and Samuel Kelley of Pike. This time the Carroll County delegates voted for the ordinance.

After this vote was completed Chairman Walker asked the delegates to make the decision unanimous. All the "No's" then changed to "Aye" except Isaac Murphy from Madison.

The convention completed its business by electing five delegates to the Confederate Congress. These men were Robert W. Johnson, A. H. Garland, Albert Rust, H. F. Thomason and William W. Watkins. All of these men except Johnson had started in the anti-secessionists. Two of them, Thomason of Crawford and Watkins of Carroll, were mountaineers.

The careers of Thomason and Watkins were in many ways parallel. Both were lawyers who had come from Tennessee; both were at this time thirty-five years of age; both were numbered among the less wealthy delegates to the Secession Convention. These two men from the hills had voted for secession only when there seemed

no other course open to them. Many others could hardly bring themselves to vote for disunion, and one, aging Isaac Murphy of Madison County, refused to be a party to voting Arkansas out of the Union. He probably spoke for thousands of his people when he stood before the convention, with tears in his eyes and in a voice filled with emotion, cried from his heart, "My principles are southern, but I cannot aid in bring about the untold evils that would assuredly follow in the train of secession."

Arkansas was now out of the Union, but the mountaineers wanted no part of the war. As we view the situation now, we can see great tragedy in the fact that these people who were opposed to disunion had to bear so much of the horrors of the War Between the States. All of the greater western battles were fought on their soil; their men and boys were driven south by superior Federal forces; and when the invading forces moved south after the retreating Confederates, the lands of these hill people were desolated and their aged were murdered, their children starved and their women raped by marauders who knew no allegiance either to the north or the south.

CHAPTER VI

AN UNWANTED WAR

The spring months passed and Arkansas moved into the summer of 1861, woefully unprepared to defend herself against the Federal forces that sooner or later were sure to invade her. The hill people still had no heart for the war. They hoped against hope that somehow they would be spared this agony, but their hope faded when they heard the Union forces in Missouri were advancing toward their border. On August 10, 1861 volunteers from Arkansas fought with the Missouri Confederates at Oak Hill (Wilson Creek), and there the Arkansas troops saw General Sterling Price for the first time, as he directed his troops to victory over the forces of General Lyon. It is said that General Price wore a high-top hat and frock-tailed coat during this battle, since he as yet had no official status in the Confederate Army.

Before Oak Hill, four companies of home guards had been mustered in Carroll County. One was from "Up Osage" with H. B. Fancher as captain, J. H. Pittman formed another at Carrollton. At Berryville, Captains John Denney and Leander Hayhurst organized two more companies. These four companies proceeded to Camp Walker, Benton County where they were attached to General Pierce's brigade. Pierce took part in the battle of Oak Hill; however, these particular companies were not in the fighting, having been assigned as supporting troops for an artillery battery. Soon after the battle the four companies were disbanded, and most of the members joined the regular Confederate Army.

Practically every able-bodied man in Carroll County, as well as in the whole state, fought either in the Confederate or Union Army. This is evidenced by the fact

that out of a total population in the state of 325,000 there were some 58,000 men in the Confederate service and 6,000 in the Union forces. In Carroll County there were 2000 men in the regular service and another 1000 who were sutlers, camp followers and irregulars.

The nature of the conflict was such that companies very rarely maintained their corporate identity throughout the war. For this reason it is extremely difficult to trace the military career of an individual, or to state with accuracy the complete military record of a particular company. The general practice was for a group of men in a certain locality to meet and organize their company by electing their officers. They would then report to some military unit in the state for official muster into the service. Sometimes rivalry would develop over the election of the officers and the feeling would become so bitter that the company as originally organized would split into two companies. In fact the companies were so fluid in their makeup that persons who became separated from their own command very often fell in with the next company that came along. However, there were at least three companies of Confederate troops organized in Carroll County that remained, to some degree or other, intact throughout the period of hostilities.

Goodspeed says that the first regular Confederate company to organize in the county was Company E, Sixteenth Arkansas Infantry (Mounted). It was mustered at Green Forest in October, 1861 with a compliment of ninety-three men, officered by Captain W. S. Poynor, First Lieutenant A. S. McKennon, Second Lieutenant W. W. Wilson, Junior Second Lieutenant James H. Berry. This company was made up primarily of men in the Berryville and Green Forest area. They were joined by three other companies and an effort was made to organize a battalion under Lieutenant Colonel Moore. The

other companies were, one from Searcy County, one from Conway County and one from the eastern portion of Carroll (the part that now comprises Boone). This latter unit was Company D.

Company D, Sixteenth Arkansas Mounted Infantry was actually the first company mustered in Carroll County. It was largely made up of men in the Crooked Creek-Bellefonte area, and, though it is not known for certain who the first officers of this company were, it is known that Beal Gaither, E. G. Mitchell, Joe M. Bailey, William W. Bailey and John H. Williams were officers at some time during the company's existence. Beal Gaither who started out as a captain of Company D was later promoted to major. Records of some of the men who are known to have been in Company D reflect that this company was for a period during the war attached to the 27th Arkansas Infantry. We do know that Joe M. Bailey was captain during the closing months of the war, and that at this same time his brother, William W. Bailey was serving as First Lieutenant in the same company. E. G. Mitchell served as an officer in Company D, until he was forced by illness to return home. While he was home, gravely ill, a group of men, thought to have been irregulars, came to his house for the purpose of killing him. His wife begged for his life and sought to shield his body with her own, but Mitchell was shot in spite of her pleadings, and died in her arms.

Some of the other men in Company D were Hugh Coffman, Joseph Baines, Tom Baines, Benjamin Baines, George Baines, Dan Johnson, Dan Jones, Larkin Holt, Marshall Willis, Jasper Benton, Matthew Rowland, M. M. Hathcoat, Peter Klepper, John Klepper and Dug Wilson.

Company D and Company E together with the company from Searcy County and the one from Conway County proceeded to Fayetteville and reported to Gen-

eral McCulloch. The general declined to recognize their organization as a battalion, because they did not have the required number of units, and they were detailed to a camp in Benton County to wait for other companies to be assigned to their organization. Eventually three companies from Johnson, one from Washington, one from Madison, and one from Pike joined them and they were formally organized into the Sixteenth Regiment of Arkansas Mounted Infantry.

Goodspeed gives us the war record of the Sixteenth Infantry as follows:

"The regiment was in winter quarters at Elm Springs, Benton County. It was actively engaged at the Battle of Pea Ridge or Elk Horn Tavern, March 7, 1862, and was stationed on the extreme left, opposed to Sigel's command. It was the charge of this regiment that recovered the body of General McCulloch, which was carried off the field by several men from Company E. . . . The army moved east of the Mississippi via Van Buren and Memphis within a short time afterward. Company E participated in the battles of Farmington and Iuka Mississippi. At Corinth the Sixteenth formed part of the First Brigade of the First Division of Price's Corps, and was stationed on the left wing, which stormed the breastworks to the north of Corinth. In three hours Company E lost one-third of its men. Among the wounded in Company E was James H. Berry, afterward governor and United States Senator."

In the battle at Corinth the Confederates charged headlong into fixed Federal emplacements. Before the surging ranks of gray clad soldiers reached the enemy's line their color bearer fell mortally wounded. Then it was that a teen-age boy, Hugh Routh, seized the flag before it reached the ground, and though painfully wounded dashed forward at the head of the troops and

placed the Confederate colors on the enemy's ramparts.

Routh had enlisted at the age of sixteen in Company E, First Arkansas Cavalry at Fayetteville.

After Corinth, Routh was captured, along with many other Arkansas troops, at the fall of Fort Hudson. He was placed on a prison ship bound up the Mississippi for a Federal prison camp. The first night of their trip north, Routh and two other prisoners received permission from the guard to go to the ships rail before they retired for the night. The three quickly dived into the river and swam toward the Tennessee side. The three soldiers were soon separated but the next morning Routh found a skiff and started to the Arkansas side. When he was well out in the stream he saw another Federal boat coming up the river, so he stripped off his clothes, abandoned the skiff and swam for the shore. That night to keep from freezing, he placed two logs together and ran up and down them all night. The next day, naked and cold, he made his way to a barn where he found a negro that brought him some clothes. The planter gave him a horse, and Routh made his way back to the remnants of his old outfit. He completed his war service with General Price's forces.

When the war was over Routh moved to Carrollton, married a Carrollton girl and spent a long and useful life as a doctor in Carroll and Boone Counties.

By strange coincidence George J. Crump of Carrollton, who was serving as a private in Company E, Sixteenth Arkansas, had a very similar experience. He too was captured at Port Hudson and likewise escaped by jumping from the prison ship on which he was being transported up the Mississippi. He also made his way back to the Confederate Army, and later joined his command. Neither Routh nor Crump knew of the other's similar escape until after the war was over.

Another company that was organized in the county was Company E, First Arkansas Cavalry. It was made up principally of men from the vicinity of Carrollton, and was under the command of Captain Joe W. Bishop. The other officers were First Lieutenant William Gregory, Second Lieutenant S. G. Sneed, Third Lieutenant Robert Clark.

Some of the enlisted personnel in this company were William M. Allbright, John Rosson, John Ross, George W. Rea, Paschal (Pack) Watkins, Charles (Jucky) Watkins, Jim Terry, Peter Daniel, Tuck Ratcliff and Alex Fancher.

This company apparently recruited further personnel while it was encamped in Washington and Benton Counties, for Hough Routh, who later moved to Carrollton, joined Company E at Fayetteville.

As originally organized this company was an infantry unit and numbered one hundred seventy-eight men who had enlisted for three years, or until the close of the war. Before the company reported to Colonel Adams at Prairie Grove seventy-eight men broke off and formed another company under Captain Dawson.

Company E fought with valor at Prairie Grove on December 7, 1863. They were stationed, during the battle on the extreme left, near the church. In this position they bore much of the brunt of the Union assaults. In one charge alone Bishop's company lost fourteen men.

Goodspeed, in his account of this company's war record says:

"After the retreat to Van Buren Gen. Hindman directed Captain Bishop to return to Carroll County and mount his company. It then became Company E, First Arkansas Cavalry, Harrell's battalion of Cabell's brigade, and took part in the battle of Poison Springs. Capt. Bishop was promoted to a major on that battle field

and John Rosson succeeded him as captain. The company was stationed at Camden and Washington, Arkansas, and passed the winter of 1864-65 at Marshall, Texas, where it was disbanded."

However, this is in no sense a complete account of this company's war activities, for it also participated in Price's Missouri Raid. In this campaign it was attached to the advance guard under the direct command of Colonel Sam Hildebrand; and the personnel of this company were in daily contact with enemy troops, consequently their casualties were very high. While in this unit many of the Carroll County troops became rather ruthless in their conduct, drawing much of their inspiration from Hildebrand himself, who was a blood-thirsty killer. It has been alleged that he killed eighty-three men during the war. After the war Hildebrand and some of his followers became fugitives from justice. The most notorious among his followers were Jim and Cole Younger.

Before the end of the war the Sixteenth Arkansas and the First Arkansas Cavalry were brought under the same command. The Sixteenth was reorganized after Pea Ridge and was placed under the command of Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Pittman. In November, 1862 they were sent as part of General Beall's brigade to help fortify Port Hudson on the Mississippi. They remained there until July 8, 1863 when the port was surrendered to the Union forces under General Banks. Some of the officers escaped before capture, and the privates were paroled. They made their way back to Carroll County and reorganized, after which they were attached to Harrell's battalion of Cabell's brigade. Thus the remnants of the three Carroll County companies completed the war under the same command. While in Harrell's battalion they fought at Poison Springs, Mark's Mill, Prairie d'Ann and Jenkins Ferry. Then after participating in Price's Raid

they spent their last winter in the service near Marshall, Texas. At the close of hostilities they surrendered at Shreveport, following the Cartel of May 26, 1865. With the war over the mountaineers made the weary journey back to the hill country. They had tasted the bitterness of defeat in a war they did not want, and they returned to starved families, burned homes and turned out farms, to begin life anew. But let it here be said that there was little bitterness in their hearts toward the forces that had defeated them.

There were Confederate companies, other than those named above, formed in Carroll County, but the frequent reorganization of these companies makes it impossible to give an account of their services. However, it is known that some twenty-five Carroll County men served in Captain Goodnight's company which was made up primarily in Conway County.

Not all the troops from Carroll wore the gray, for the greater portion of two Union companies came from this county.

Company G of the First Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers, which was mustered in Missouri on August 7, 1862 was made up principally of Carroll countians. Rowan E. M. Mack was captain of this company and Joshua S. Dudley was first lieutenant.

Company K, commanded by Captain Theodore Youngblood was also part of the First Arkansas Cavalry. Doctor F. Youngblood was first lieutenant in this company.

Captain John I. Worthington, whose descendants have played a prominent part in Boone County history, was captain of Company H in this same regiment. He was promoted to major on Feb. 28, 1862 and was killed in action, March 11, 1865.

The First Arkansas Cavalry (Union) constituted the

advance guard of Schofield's Army of the Frontier during the campaign of 1862. It participated in the battle of Prairie Grove, and the defense of Springfield, Missouri, against Marmaduke. Afterward the regiment was garrisoned at Fayetteville, and while stationed there successfully withstood an attack on April 18, 1863 and again on October 3, 1864. Throughout the remainder of the war the regiment was engaged in suppressing guerilla bands in the northwestern part of the state.

The Second Arkansas Cavalry, U. S. Army, also had many Carroll County men in its ranks.

No full scale battles were fought in Carroll County but it witnessed several large troop movements and a few minor skirmishes.

On the subject of troop movements Goodspeed says:

"The first armed force that appeared in Carroll County was that of Brigadier General McBride, Confederate, en route from Batesville to Elm Springs, Benton County, with his command, numbering 4000 or 5000 men. Passing through in June, 1861 they encamped for the night at Green Forest."

There were several other important troop movements through the county. Just prior to the battle of Pea Ridge, Van Dorn moved his command from Pocahontas to Elm Springs. The natural presumption is that he traveled by the Fallen Ash Military Road, since it would have been the most direct route for him.

We know that in October, 1863, Colonel Fagan came from Grand Prairie via the military road on his way to join Carroll's cavalry and Parson's infantry at Huntsville. This entire regiment camped at Bellefonte during the last week of October. Lieutenant Colonel John M. Harrell, who wrote the official Confederate history of the Arkansas Campaign, tells of this encampment. He mentions the autumnal glory of the Ozarks in October,

but it is recalled that an early ice storm on the night of October 28, 1863 covered all the fall foliage, making a glamorous spectacle that disappeared when the ice melted.

No better place can be found for us to introduce Lieutenant Colonel Harrell than at this point. We should recognize him briefly, for practically all of the Carroll County Confederates were in his battalion for a part of the war.

Harrell was at the outbreak of hostilities, a young attorney, who had completed his legal education in Nashville, Tennessee. He had come to Little Rock prior to the war, and had been appointed Solicitor General of the state by Governor Rector. When war broke he went east as a volunteer aide to General T. H. Holmes, in Virginia, and in that capacity was on duty in the first battle of Manassas and on the Potomac River. On account of disability he returned to Arkansas, and on recovering joined the army at Corinth, where he became a member of General Breckinridge's staff. He was forced to leave the service again because of failing health. He re-entered the army just before the Cane Hill skirmish that preceded the battle of Prairie Grove. Colonel Monroe, who had taken command of Fagan's regiment, appointed Harrell to the position of battalion commander. Bishop's company was in this battalion, and later companies D and E, Sixteenth Arkansas, were likewise placed under this command.

The largest troop movement in Carroll County was following the battle of Prairie Grove, when Union Generals Herron and Blount encamped at Carrollton with twenty thousand Missouri, Kansas and Iowa troops. They spent a week there foraging while they were en route to Forsythe, Missouri. Goodspeed says in commenting on this encampment: "It cannot be said that this visitation

is remembered with gratitude by the people of the vicinity."

This was Blount's second stop at Carrollton, for in the Spring of 1863 he had camped at this same site with three thousand Kansas troops.

The only skirmish in the county, in which bodies of troops of greater than company strength took part, occurred April 16, 1863 on the Trantham farm a quarter of a mile from Yokum Creek. Most of the troops involved in this fight were Carroll County men. The Federal forces were the two companies, G and K, under Captains Roan Mack and Theodore Youngblood. They were conducting a number of noncombatants, together with considerable personal property, from Arkansas into Missouri, when they were pursued and attacked by seven hundred Confederates. Captain Bailey's Company D and some five other companies, including one under Captain Dillon made up the Confederate contingent. In the ensuing fight Captain Dillon and six enlisted men of the Confederate forces were killed. One of the enlisted men killed was Private Wright, who was maternal grandfather of Wright and Earl Baines, both of whom now live in Boone County. The Federal losses were one killed, Private Luther P. Phillips, and nine wounded, of whom seven died.

Carrollton itself did not escape the ravages of war, for a skirmish was fought there on August 14, 1864; and during the course of the war the entire town, with the exception of two or three buildings, was leveled.

The hill people of Arkansas fought two wars, one an open, declared war, the other a conflict with a slinking, unseen army that crept from hiding when the regular troops were absent. These hidden foes were usually referred to as bushwhackers or jay-hawkers, and they seemed to have no allegiance either North or South.

Many minor engagements were fought with these marauding bands by both Federal and Confederate troops.

Goodspeed tells us of one such encounter between Carroll County Union troops and bushwhackers. His account is as follows:

"In the early part of the winter of 1863, while the First Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry was quartered at Lebanon, Mo., word was brought—that a band of bushwhackers were robbing the Union people in Stone County, Mo., and all along the White River in that vicinity. Company F, Second Arkansas Cavalry, was selected to drive out Capt. Railey and his band of thirty-five bushwhackers. After reaching Stone County, Company F, Captain Berry in command, was not long in finding out where Capt. Railey and his band were, and were soon in hot pursuit. Railey started for Leatherwood ford, on White River, at the mouth of Leatherwood Creek. Upon his arrival at the river, he found it rising rapidly, and crossed with his command and their plunder as rapidly as possible, starting up Leatherwood Creek to find shelter for the night.—When Company F reached the ford it was found that Railey and his band had crossed, and that the river was past fording. Night coming on, the commanding officer did not think it safe to attempt to cross that night. First Lieutenant John Williams, with Privates Samuel Gaskins and James Hobbs, were detailed to cross the river and keep the trail, these three having been brought up on the creek.—Swimming their horses across the river above the ford they followed the trail. Before reaching the Skelton farm they found that Railey and his band had taken possession of the houses and were then eating supper. It was nearly dark and they had not been discovered. They concluded to charge Railey and his men at once, which was done in splendid style. With revolver in each hand, firing as they came, they

completely surprised Railey and his men, who jumped out of the windows and took to the brush, bare-headed and unarmed. Railey and four of his men were wounded and one killed. This was doubtless one of the boldest and most successful charges against the greatest odds during the war. The next morning, while in pursuit of Railey and his scattered band, they overtook the notorious guerrilla, Calvin Dunaway, killing him in a hand-to-hand fight. His wildcat fur cap was sent to headquarters at Lebanon, Mo. After the death of Dunaway, Railey discharged his men, and all was quiet in this vicinity during the remainder of the winter."

Another of the many incidents that occurred in Carroll County is one in which members of my family figured. It is here set down as an example of the unbelievable hardships these people endured, and the bitter hatred that these hardships engendered.

In the summer of 1862 a party of ten or twelve bushwhackers came through the Carrollton neighborhood burning, looting and seeking out the few remaining cows and horses in the country. They came to the home of my grandparents, where my grandmother, her three small children and her sister were living. The men were away in the Confederate army. Finding the old brindle cow that was hidden in a hillside cave, these marauders proceeded to drive her into their herd of stolen stock. The two women begged them not to take this last source of food for the babies, but the bushwhackers answered them with curses and threats. These brave women were not willing to take this defeat, so my grandmother left the children with her sister and followed the bushwhackers afoot. All day she followed them until they camped near Shinn Tanyard (Yardell) for the night. There she walked into the herd and taking her cow by the horn led her out. With her head high and her ears closed to the threats and

insults, she started toward home. After a long harrowing trip she reached her house, and there she found that a troop of Confederate soldiers headed by Sam Peel had arrived at Carrollton. She went to them and gave them detailed directions to the place where the marauders were camped. When asked if she had any suggestions as to what punishment should be given the bushwhackers, she pronounced a judgment of death for them. With bitterness she remembered that they had tried to starve her babies, and with her eyes flashing she said, "Cut their throats from ear to ear!"

The following day the Confederates came by her house and told her, "Becky, we cut their throats from ear to ear just like you told us, and ricked 'em up like cord wood."

Along with the stories of bloodshed and bitterness there is also the light and humorous side to war. Some of the humorous incidents too, should be preserved for posterity.

A story that always interested me was one that centered around Captain Joe Bailey and Dan Johnson. Johnson was a teen age soldier, who had become a hardened veteran while he was still a boy. Bailey's company was on duty in Carroll County and the various members of the company had gone to their respective homes to spend a little time with their families. On the day that the company was to assemble Captain Bailey and Johnson had met at the place appointed for their rendezvous, and were there waiting for other members of the company to arrive. They had tied their horses in a nearby ravine and were sitting in a thicket by the road, when they heard a horse snort. The captain looked out from their hiding place rather casually, fully expecting to see some of their company. To his surprise and dismay he saw a troop of Union cavalymen approaching.

"Dan, what in the hell will we do?" he asked his companion. "It's blue bellies, and they're headed right towards us."

Dan looked at the approaching troops.

"We can't run," he mused, "There's just one thing to do. We've got to charge 'em and make 'em think there's a hundred of us!"

So charge they did—each with his pistol blazing. As they dashed toward the approaching cavalymen they screamed at the top of their voices.

"Charge 'em boys! Give 'em Hell!"

The cavalry squad was so completely surprised that in the confusion of rearing horses and roaring pistols the two men reached their own horses and escaped.

Another story always comes to mind when the Civil War is discussed. There is nothing of bravery or gallantry in this tale, but since it is an occurrence in the military career of my grandfather, I like to tell it. As a matter of fact I found it to be the best of his many stories of the war.

He, like Dan Johnson and Captain Bailey, had come home to spend some time with his family, but all during the daylight hours a lookout had to be maintained for Union troops or bushwhackers. He made it through the day without incident, but as they sat at the supper table, he glanced up the road, and in the twilight he saw a squad of blue coats approaching. Grabbing his hat and coat he ran out the back door and toward the woods beyond the garden. Jumping the rail fence back of the garden he sped into the woods until he came to a tree that had been blown down by the wind. The roots of this fallen tree held the trunk a few inches from the ground, so with the instinct of a hunted animal he slid under the tree and pulled leaves in about him. He lay there with his heart pounding. He heard the soldiers

search the house, then his heart was in his throat as they came toward his hiding place. There was a great deal of scuffling about and cursing, then one of the Union soldiers squatted beside the log and did within six inches of grandpa's nose what no "damnyankee" should be permitted to do to a son of the south and live.

On this light note let us end this chapter of horror and death. Now the four years of sorrow had ended, and the men of Carroll County were back home. They had been forced by circumstances to take up the sword against each other, but now the sword was sheathed, and Union and Confederate alike, they resolutely faced toward a brighter tomorrow.

CHAPTER VII

RECONSTRUCTION

On January 20, 1864 Lincoln rewarded the loyalty of Isaac Murphy by appointing him Provisional Governor of Arkansas. Murphy took office with a feeling of compassion toward the rebels. He had no desire to see the people of the state further punished for their error. No doubt he recalled that tragic day in May of 1861 when he had spoken from his heart: "I cannot aid in bringing about the untold evils that would assuredly follow in the train of secession." He had seen those evils come just as he had predicted they would; he had seen the country laid waste, brother turned against brother and neighbor against neighbor. He, himself, had been forced to leave his home in Madison County and join the Union forces in Southern Missouri. There he had served for a time on General Curtis' staff, then he had joined General Steele's forces in time to participate in the occupation of Little Rock. But the fact that he had fought against the Confederates left no trace of bitterness and there still was no desire in his heart to be harsh with his people.

At the time Murphy took office, the elected governor of the state, General Harrison Flanagin, was still acting in his executive capacity, even though he had been forced by Federal troops to leave the capitol in Little Rock and set up temporary executive offices in Washington, Arkansas. This actually meant a divided state with Flanagin governing a Confederate state in South Arkansas, and Murphy a Union state in the north.

On April 18, 1864 Murphy delivered a sane, hopeful, conciliatory address setting forth the principals on which he felt the state should be restored to the Union. Fol-

lowing his inauguration the Legislature had assembled, but they took no drastic steps toward punishing those who had favored rebellion. Among the bills passed was one to raise a military force to help subdue the bushwhackers. The body adjourned with no important legislation passed, but they were soon back in session to pass a memorial asking Congress to recognize Arkansas as ready for readmission to the Union. However, the radicals in Congress had no intention of readmitting a Confederate State until the rebels had paid the full penalty for their disloyalty, so the memorial was tabled. The people of Arkansas had long before this time sensed that the Confederacy was dead, but they were not willing to undergo radical reconstruction as a condition to reentering the Union. So, now that their peaceful overtures were rebuffed, they set about the task of putting the state back on a pre-Civil War basis. The first step was to elect a conservative legislature that opposed radical reconstruction. When this body met it passed amnesty and pardon laws for Confederates who had just arrived home following their surrender. Not satisfied with this the legislative body then voted a resolution of thanks to President Johnson for his policy of moderation and introduced a resolution of thanks to Jefferson Davis for his conduct of the Confederacy. Then as their greatest act of defiance they rejected the Fourteenth Amendment by an overwhelming vote. These acts of contumaciousness had not gone unnoticed in Washington by such men as Senators Fessenden and Grimes and Representative Thaddeus Stevens. Already plans had been drawn that would punish in full the unrepentant rebels. The feelings of these men soon came to light when Congress acted by imposing reconstruction under military rule. By this plan the South was divided into five military districts, Arkansas and Mississippi composing the fourth. General

Ord was placed in charge of the Fourth District with C. H. Smith in charge of the sub-district of Arkansas.

The political reconstruction of the state started with the registration of the voters under the watchful eye of the army. The boards of registration in each county were composed of two army officers and one "respectable citizen." The test of respectability was willingness to register all negroes and the whites with known Union sentiments, and refuse registration to former Confederates. The registrar for Carroll County was Town Hopper, who lived on the present site of the Harrison High School; Crooked Creek was one of the designated places for registration. A few former Confederates presented themselves to the board but were turned away. Word of this spread over the neighborhood and tempers flared, especially when it became known that all the negroes were being registered. This was a humiliation greater than they would bear. Soon the former Confederates were moving from house to house talking to others. The following day one hundred men had been alerted, who were willing to take steps that might well risk drastic retaliation. At an appointed place men assembled, all carrying muskets, squirrel rifles or pistols, then they rode toward Crooked Creek, their faces hard and defiant. Riding at the head of the company was Captain Joe Bailey, the man under whom most of them had served. Just across the creek from the present town of Harrison they halted. Union troops stood guard around the registration place a few hundred yards away. Both forces nervously fingered their weapons. The Confederates knew that open war could only lead to their destruction, but they also knew that they must carry through in some manner. Even as the Federals took up defense positions, two of the former Confederates left the main troop and rode across the creek. One was young,

large and fair-haired, the other was older and mature. The Union guards recognized the young man as Dan Johnson—they knew him to be reckless and ruthless. The older man who rode beside him was Mat Rowland of Twin Springs (now Valley Springs). It was plain to see that the two men were wearing regulation pistols (navies). They halted several yards away, dismounted from their horses and walked by the guards to the registration officials.

"We've come to register!" Dan Johnson said, as he stopped before the registrars.

The officials hesitated a moment, then one of them spoke as though to remonstrate.

The two Confederates stood with their hands near their pistols.

"We'll register, or our navies will register," Dan spoke hard and cold. "And if they register," he continued, "There'll be some blue bellies elected to hell!"

The registration officers pushed the papers and pencils toward them and the two men registered as voters. Turning on their heels they went back to their horses and rejoined the men across the creek. Slowly the Confederate troops disbanded, and the most dangerous post-war crisis in this area passed without bloodshed. We probably have the Union registrar to thank for this, for he either reasoned that these two registrations could not affect the election, or he figured if a fight ensued he was likely to be the first man to die. At any rate the Confederates had shown that they would oppose a punitive reconstruction, even to the point of open defiance.

Though this major crisis was averted, many minor fights occurred from time to time. In the main, however, the former soldiers from the north and south lived side by side without unpleasant incident. On a few occasions hot-heads on one side or the other started arguments that

ended in tragedy. One such incident was the Walnut Grove fight between the Long family and several others. For the details of this fracas I have Uncle John Ed Watkin's version, which was furnished to me by Dr. Troy Coffman; however, I have heard him relate it on one or two occasions myself.

Uncle John Ed was an eye-witness to the fight, but he often stated that he was behind a tree when the lead started flying, and though the tree liked a lot being large enough for comfort, nevertheless it might have prevented his seeing everything that took place.

This tragic event happened in 1863, and according to my information it was as follows:

Lemuel Duggan (Duge) Long, who had been a Union soldier, had come from his home near Walnut Grove to the Crooked Creek store and post office. There he met Charles Lamb, who had fought in the Confederate army. They spoke and a few words passed between them, then Lamb proceeded to take Long to task for his alleged "nigger lovin'" sentiments. These harsh words were followed by a fist fight, but since neither man was armed there was no harm done save some skinned knuckles and black eyes. The following Sunday, Long and his brother Robert (Doc) attended "meetin'" at the Walnut Grove Church. Charles Lamb and his brother Bob were there and the argument was started again outside the church. Other Confederate sympathizers fell in with the Lamb brothers so that the Longs were soon outnumbered. Sensing that a bad fight was brewing Duge and Doc Long worked their way around until each stood with his back to the church building. Both were armed with "navies," as were most of the other men present. Several taunts were hurled at the Longs, but they had very little to say in reply. Crock Womack and Henry Ferenda were taking the lead along with the Lamb

brothers in trying to goad the Long boys into making a move for their guns, but Duge and Doc leaned against the church calmly waiting for someone else to make the first move. Soon this was done by Crock, who reached as though to draw his gun from his belt, as he said, "I'd like to take my navy and pick the nigger wool out of yore teeth!" Both of the Longs whipped their pistols from their belts, and even as they drew other pistols come into sight. Doc fired first at Crock Womack, and the shot grazed Crock's body. Crock couldn't get his gun out so he turned to run, and as he ran Doc drew a bead at the "cross of his galluses," but his pistol misfired and jammed. In the meantime Duge Long, who was still a teen-age boy stood with his back against the house and took deliberate aim as he fired. Henry Ferenda and Bob Lamb fell before his gun, both mortally wounded. Also, in the exchange of shots Ham Thomas, who was a brother-in-law to the Longs was accidentally killed. As this shooting was being done Womack was still running through a nearby field, holding his stomach as he ran. Still holding his wound he staggered into Larkin Holt's house which was a mile from the shooting. There he fell to the floor and gasped, "Git a doctor, Larkin! I'm shot through and through. I kin smell the contents of my bowels." Quickly, Holt and the members of his family undressed Womack, but they found that his diagnosis was only half correct. He had correctly analyzed the smell, but his wound was little more than a scratch.

When the shooting was over the Long boys went to Gaither Mountain, and there they hid with an uncle, Claiborne Atchley. Then, before word got out as to their whereabouts, they left and made their way to the Indian Territory.

This fracas occurred in the period following the war

but before the real pinch of military reconstruction had begun to be felt.

After the registration of voters, an election was held in November of 1867 to determine whether or not a convention would be assembled to draft a constitution acceptable to the Federal government. Step by step the radicals were tightening their grip on the state.

In the registration more than 66,000 people had qualified to vote, but in the election of 1867 only 41,000 voted. When the results were announced in December a majority of 14,000 of those who voted had favored the convention. So the convention met in Little Rock. In attendance there were eight negroes, twenty-three so called "carpetbaggers," thirty "scalawags" (native sons who had gone over to radical reconstruction), and about a dozen conservatives. Of this motley assembly only the conservatives and negroes acted with any degree of intelligence or decorum. The leader of the conservatives was a man by the name of Cypert, who had attended the secession convention of 1861. The radicals were led by Joe Brooks (of later Brooks-Baxter fame), who was a former Iowa evangelist that had come to the state as chaplain of a negro regiment. In the ensuing fight the conservatives were decisively defeated and a constitution in keeping with the principles of radical reconstruction was referred to the people along with a slate of hand picked Republican candidates. Powell Clayton was the nominee for governor on this ticket, and he was permitted to run without an opponent, for the Democrats had been so completely routed that they did not put out a ticket. Needless to say, the constitution was adopted and Clayton was elected. Thus the stage was set for Arkansas to be cleansed of all the taint of rebellion.

Though Clayton was the guiding force and undisputed boss of the carpetbag regime, he could in no wise

be said to be a carpetbagger himself. He had been a successful planter in the state before the war, having come to Arkansas from Pennsylvania when barely in his twenties. He had settled at Pine Bluff where he bought more than forty thousand acres of land and was fast becoming one of the ranking cotton farmers in Jefferson County. When war came his Union sympathies would not permit him to take part in the rebellion, so he joined the First Kansas Regiment, U. S. Army. With this regiment he fought in several Arkansas engagements. When the war was over Clayton returned to his plantation and married a Jefferson County girl. He was not too cordially received by his former neighbors, so he moved to Little Rock, and when the reconstruction movement began to take shape he assumed leadership of it.

Clayton had nothing in his makeup to enhance him in the eyes of the Arkansas mountaineers; as a matter of fact, everything about him served to turn these people against him. In the first place he was still a New England Yankee, which was far worse than being a Midwestern Yankee. Clayton was so immaculate in his dress that he gave the impression of being a dandy, and this created a feeling of contempt for him in the minds of the hill people. These facts coupled with his belief in radical reconstruction made him the symbol of all that the mountaineer despised. It is no wonder, therefore, that Clayton became the whipping boy for all who were opposed to harsh punishment for the former rebels. We should in fairness say that Powell Clayton was an able man, but he was, by the very nature of his administration destined to live and die the most hated man that has ever held office in the state. Most of Clayton's last years were spent in Northwest Arkansas, at Eureka Springs. In his later years he once said that the only act of kindness ever shown him by a mountaineer were at

the hands of Isaac Murphy, who gave Clayton a drink of moonshine from his private demijon on the day of Clayton's inauguration.

Clayton tried to justify his administration in his memoirs, which were written in the last years of his life. However, he had already been tried and condemned in the minds of most people, so it is doubtful if more than a few hundred took the trouble to read his side of the story. I can recall hearing my Grandfather Rea mention Clayton's name several times, and as a child I got a very distorted picture of the sort of individual he was. Grandpa nearly always said, "Old Powell Clayton, black as a tar pot," and then went on to finish his statement as to what Clayton had done or said. I imagined Clayton to be an old, wrinkled, besmudged looking person. I was much surprised in later years to find that he was the youngest governor that Arkansas has ever had.

Governor Clayton was a master at the art of political organization. This is evidenced by the fact that he controlled the state even though sentiment was overwhelmingly against him. After he and his party had been completely removed from power in the state, he continued to dominate the Republican party in Arkansas for the rest of his life. Even before he was elected governor he had carefully built up a close-knit political organization in every county in the state. In this he was bolstered by the Union occupation troops.

Clayton's right-hand man in this area was Captain Henry W. Fick, who came here from Pope County in 1868. Fick was a native of New York State, having been born there in 1831. He had been an officer in the Union Army during the war, but he bore no ill will toward the former rebels, and fraternized a great deal with them. Some of his warmest personal friends were men who had opposed him during the war, and it should be em-

phasized here again that this was the condition that generally prevailed. Fick came to the Crooked Creek community in 1868 with his brother-in-law, James O. (Os) Nicholson, for the purpose of opening a general mercantile business. Nicholson was a former Confederate soldier who had fought with the Third Arkansas Regiment of Cavalry at Corinth, Iuka, Chickamauga, Resaca and the siege of Atlanta. In one of these battles Nicholson had been badly wounded. Fick's and Nicholson's close relationship is a perfect example of the fact that these men who had worn the blue and gray wanted to forget the whole thing and return to peaceful pursuits. The elements of selfishness and greed for power prevented their living together in complete harmony. Nevertheless Fick and Nicholson continued as partners for some two years, until Fick's interests became so diverse that the partnership was dissolved. This occurred about the time that the name of the community was changed from Crooked Creek to Harrison. Nicholson continued in the general mercantile business and thereby became Harrison's first merchant. Fick built an inn or hotel on the property he had purchased. This property was the former home of William Mitchell, and the building stood on the ground where the City Hall is now located. Above all, though, Fick had his finger in the political pie. It was felt and openly alleged by those who opposed Powell Clayton, that Fick carried carte blanche authority from the governor on all executive matters in this area. It was often said that Captain Fick could sign Powell Clayton's name as well as Clayton could, and it was alleged with a degree of certainty that he not only could but often did.

Though Fick did associate in a social way with former Confederates he was a strict party man, in so far as following the line laid down by the Radical League

was concerned. He had his circle of political followers, who remained in the political saddle so long as Clayton's regime lasted.

Two of Fick's most trusted political followers were James T. (Town) Hopper and Gillum Hopper, his brother. They had come to Crooked Creek in 1851 with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopper, and had settled just north of the present location of Maple Wood Cemetery. During the first year of the war Moses Hopper was killed by irregular southern troops because of his known Union sympathies, even though Hopper was a civilian. Following this, Town Hopper went to Springfield, Missouri and asked Colonel Johnson of the First Arkansas Infantry for a commission to recruit Union troops in Northwest Arkansas. He received this commission and under authority of it he recruited in the area until the end of the war. It was alleged that this authority was used to clothe bushwhacking activities by himself and his men. If this were true, he no doubt justified his actions on the grounds of it being a retaliation for the murder of his father. However Town's older brother, Archibald, did not seem to hold the same sentiments in the matter for he served throughout the war in the Confederate Army. After Town returned from service he settled on the tract of land just south of Captain Fick's property, and there, on the present location of the Harrison High School, he built his home.

Gillum Hopper also served in the Union Army during the last year of the war. Prior to this he acted as a scout for Federal forces in Northwest Arkansas. From 1864 to 1865 he was an enlisted man in Company M, Seventy-third Missouri Cavalry. I have heard many allegations about Town's and Gill's activities during the war, but I cannot say with any degree of certainty just how much of their activities were in the line of regular

duty and what portion, if any, was as irregulars. It is a topic that has been discussed some in my family. My Grandfather Rea, having served in the Confederate Army and his family having suffered greatly at the hands of bushwhackers, had his version. The other side of my family had a different version. My great-grandfather, Elisha B. Rose, who was appointed Federal Registrar for this county when Town Hopper became State Senator, was an uncle of the Hopper boys. He and my grandfather, William G. Rose, held Town and Gil in high esteem. As a matter of fact during the war they were associated with them in the cattle business. However, my Confederate relatives always contended that the cattle they handled together during the war were the ones that were taken from the families in Northwest Arkansas. Here I am caught between the two opposing versions and will not commit myself, therefore the reader must make up his own mind on the basis of the facts I have set forth.

In addition to the Hoppers, who were two of Fick's closest political allies, others who worked hand-in-glove with the same clique were D. B. Jernigan and W. W. Jernigan, and Isaac Moore, who was Fick's son-in-law. The Jernigan brothers ran a hotel here about the time Harrison was born out of the Crooked Creek community.

The Radical League ruled for the next few years, but it cannot be said that their reign was peaceful. Much of the time they met stubborn resistance in every move they made, and many of them lived in constant fear of being slain from ambush. Sometimes the former Confederates resorted to violence, but more often they provoked incidents that would make the governing group seem ridiculous in the eyes of the people.

CHAPTER VIII

A PEOPLE PAY FOR THEIR TRANSGRESSIONS

In the years immediately following the Civil War, great changes had come about in the political structure of the hill country, but still greater changes had been wrought in the minds and lives of the people themselves. Before the war most of the families had begun to prosper in some degree or other and generally they were a happy and contented people. Their land was bountiful with its vast range and lush wild grass. Already large herds of cattle and droves of hogs were running at large. Ozark hickory-smoked hams had gained a wide reputation for their delectable quality and were being hauled by the wagon load to the plantations to the south. Also load after load of hides and pelts were being taken to Springfield or St. Louis, Missouri.

The war had changed all this. First foraging armies passed through the land expropriating cattle, hogs and grain; afterward irregulars came and took what was left, and if there was nothing, they burned the houses and barns. In 1865 there were only four houses left standing in all the Crooked Creek valley. Likewise in the Carrollton community not more than a half dozen houses remained when the war finally ended. The last winter of the conflict had seen unbelievable suffering, and even when the men returned, it took two or three seasons to clear the land of brush and get new crops planted. In the meantime the people were forced to sustain life by resorting to the most primitive means. During the summer they subsisted largely on boiled weeds called "sallet." Usually these weeds were cooked without grease and with only such salt as could be leached from the smokehouse floors. Meat, except wild game, was non-

existant, and since firearms were very scarce, until the troops came home, it was impossible to kill large game. Consequently during the winter of 1864-65 small game such as groundhog, 'coon, 'possum and rabbit, together with the then countless millions of passenger pigeons saved the people from starvation. It is doubtful if many actually died of hunger, but this is largely attributable to the resourcefulness of the people coupled with their willingness to share with their neighbors the little that they had. Even after the first post-war crop was harvested the people still lacked such luxuries as sugar and coffee, but they were not troubled too much by this. Wild honey was an excellent substitute for sugar, and sassafras tea took the place of coffee during January, February and March. During the rest of the year roasted barley or parched sweet potato peelings were brewed as a substitute for coffee.

Immediately following the war schools were practically non-existent, so that the children born during the war grew up under the handicap of extremely meager education. In addition to this the country was wild and lawless. For an eyewitness account of this period I have drawn heavily on the experiences of my father who spent his youth in this era. He told me on many occasions that it was nothing unusual, after the troops returned and there were weapons in the country, to see a bare-foot boy at a picnic or "meetin'" carrying a "navy" in his pocket or under his belt. There was no recognized governmental authority, for the former Confederates were in a state of virtual rebellion against the carpetbag government. There were secret societies on both sides that met and plotted the downfall of their opponents. Those who fought with the south joined the Ku Klux Klan and the others joined the Radical League. From the best information I have been able to obtain it does not appear

that the Klan ever became very strong in Carroll County; however, the organization did exist here. One bit of evidence that I have to prove this statement came from my father, who said that as a boy he remembered a band of horsemen coming by their home near Carrollton and asking grandpa to go with them. Later grandpa said that the men were members of the Klan, but he did not see fit to accompany them.

There were at least three different schools of thought on the best method to oppose the work of the reconstructionists. Some favored open defiance, some inclined toward partial collaboration, while still others pursued a policy akin to passive resistance. My grandfather favored the latter course.

The general lawless condition in the hill country made this section particularly inviting as a hideout for fugitives. At one time, shortly after the war, Jim Younger spent the night with my grandparents. My father remembered it quite well, and he described Younger to me as being a well dressed and well mannered man. Not till years later did grandpa tell of his guest's identity, probably because he had served with Younger during Price's Raid into Missouri, and wanted to protect him. While on this raid grandpa and Younger had been in the advance guard under Colonel Sam Hildebrand. This regiment was one of the roughest outfits in the Trans-Mississippi Command. Somehow grandpa always seemed to me to be out of place with these men, for he was a kind old fellow who was friendly toward everyone. He showed a deep kindness for all the animals on his farm, and I never knew of him killing anything domestic or wild that he didn't actually need. So, I just couldn't picture him as fitting into Hildebrand's regiment, which was a spawning place for so many post-war outlaws and renegades. Hildebrand, himself, was a ruthless killer,

having killed more than eighty men. Some of these murders were alleged to have been done after the war, because of wrongs done against members of Hildebrand's family. As a result the State of Missouri put a price on his head, so he came to Arkansas where he lived for sometime under an assumed name. While in Arkansas, as a fugitive, he spent a day and night with my grandfather, and in this case, as in the case of Younger, the identity of the guest was not divulged until years later. My father was able to recall part of the conversation that took place between Hildebrand and grandpa. Much of the talk was about mutual acquaintances and the war, but the one thing that made the strongest impression on papa's mind was one sentence by Hildebrand. "George," he remarked in a low voice, "They're purty hot after me. It looks like I'm goin' to have to take to the Sni Hills agin." (This statement no doubt had reference to the Sni-a-bar, which was at that time a favorite hiding place for renegades. The location is in Central Missouri, east of Kansas City).

No doubt most all of the so called "bad men" of the day spent some time in the Arkansas Ozarks. It is known for certain that Jesse and Frank James, together with Jim and Cole Younger were in this area on several occasions. One of their visits here led to a spirited gun battle in which two men were killed and several wounded. The time of this gun battle is generally fixed as 1870.

A mail route was established, shortly after the Civil War, from Forsythe, Missouri to the Crooked Creek Post Office (about this time the name was changed to Harrison). This route pretty well followed the present course of U. S. Highway 65 from the White River to Harrison. The route was carried on horseback, and on more than one occasion it was robbed in some lonely spot along the road. One of the riders on this route was William T.

Baker, who as a child had survived the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Another Boone County man who carried this route shortly after this time was Frank Russell. On the day the James and Younger boys decided to pull their holdup, William Baker was carrying the route.

North of Harrison twelve miles is the present Burlington community, which in 1870 was known as Gaddy's Corner. It was here that the mail carrier met four armed men while on his northbound trip. One of the riders pointed his gun at Baker and demanded the mail pouch. When Baker later told of the experience he said, "I was scared, all right, when the red complected one they called Jesse pointed his pistol at me and demanded the mail pouch." Then Baker went on to explain that the haul was rather small. "They got one hundred and five dollars in money and some registered mail."

After the robbery Baker went on to the first settlement near Omaha and gave the alarm. As a posse began to gather, one told of having seen some suspicious characters at the home of a fellow named Perry who lived near Gaddy's Corner. The posse proceeded toward Perry's house, and in the meantime the southbound mail carrier had taken word of the robbery to Harrison. Quickly a band of horsemen assembled in Harrison. Captain W. F. Pace assumed the leadership of the men and they rode north to join the man-hunt. By the time they had reached Gaddy's Corner, the whereabouts of the bandits had been discovered, and they were then barricaded in an old log house which stood near the present highway. The posse had the house surrounded, and they were waiting, hidden behind stumps, trees and logs. When Captain Pace rode up, he immediately assumed leadership and placed the men at strategic points; then he called on the bandits to surrender. A call came from within the house for the posse to send out a man and they would talk sur-

render terms. In response to this request Pace rode forward with his gun laying across his saddle horn. Two men, whom the Captain said he knew to be Jesse and Frank James, stood at the window and talked to him. Jesse suggested that the posse go on and forget the whole affair. As Pace talked he looked inside where he saw two more men, and in the center of the room was a table covered with loaded pistol cylinders. That was the day of cap-and-ball pistols, and cylinders could be exchanged much more quickly than a pistol could be loaded. Pace insisted that the bandits surrender, so Jesse and Frank held a low, hurried conference. Then Jesse said, "If you'll send Parson New up here we'll surrender to him." New was with the posse, so when Pace communicated the offer to the men, the old parson came forward to accept the surrender. Jesse promptly shot New through the head. As he did so he made some sort of remark about killing the one that had betrayed them. In an instant shots rang out from the posse and Frank James quickly fired at Captain Pace. Pace's horse pitched, which probably saved his life, for the bullet struck him in the shoulder. The horse then lunged toward James, thereby spoiling his aim. Pace then spurred his horse toward cover and the James boys dashed back into the house. With this the fight settled down to a state of siege, with sporadic firing from both sides. Finally someone figured out the scheme of building a fortress on an old wagon frame so they could use it as a shield to move in close enough to set fire to the building. As the posse rolled this barricade forward, the men in the house shot every time a limb or head was exposed. It was then that Ace Thomason and John Hensley were wounded, thus raising the total of wounded to three. Soon the posse had moved in close, then they again shouted a warning.

"Come out with your hands up, or we'll set you

afire!"

"Go ahead, we like fire!" came the reply from the house.

The posse moved in closer with torches lit.

Suddenly the front door burst open and four men broke out with pistols blazing at everything that moved. As they stood thus for an instant Jesse James flapped his arms and crowed like a rooster. They dashed unharmed into the nearby woods and escaped.

The posse was unwilling to accept a complete defeat in the affray, so they sought out the man, Perry, who was alleged to have harbored the outlaws. They killed Perry as a partial settlement for the casualties they had suffered.

Captain Pace was responsible for most of the detailed account of this fight. His version was passed on to me through my father who was a very good friend and admirer of the captain.

Pace figured in many of the post war struggles for power between the Republicans and Democrats in Boone County. He enjoyed nothing better than a political fight, though he was not opposed to fighting some in the knuckle and skull manner. Next to his Democratic politics, it appears that poker and horse racing were the fields that received most of his attention. At least the court docket for the years immediately following 1869 indicate that the captain spent a lot of time watching the "hole card" or "the ponies." Later when the Democrats came to power he became circuit clerk. After serving in this capacity he practiced law in Harrison for many years.

In addition to being an outstanding leader in his own right, Pace sired some offsprings who made quite a name for themselves. Two sons, Frank and Troy became very outstanding lawyers. Frank remained in Arkansas,

and was one of the outstanding lawyers in Little Rock. Troy, after a fling at politics, moved to California and became one of the leading lawyers in Los Angeles. Another son, Henry, practiced medicine in Northwest Arkansas for a number of years. The old captain's grandson, who likewise was named Frank, further distinguished the name when he became secretary for the army in President Truman's administration.

As we approached the close of the 1860's, we can see that the seed of a new leadership was being sown. In the beginning the people had been led by calm, sagacious men. The reconstruction had brought opportunists in its wake. Now in the hour of deep despair the people were rallying to those who were willing to defy the unwanted leadership. In the first period there had been William W. Watkins, Beal Gaither, William Mitchell and others. Then came Fick, the Hoppers and the Jernigans. Now the people had begun to rally to Captain Pace, Sam Peel, George J. Crump, Joe Bailey—those who were willing to carry the fight against the hated carpetbagger regime.

CHAPTER IX

THE BIRTH OF A COUNTY AND A TOWN

It was in an era of defiance, discord and bitter hatred that Boone County and Harrison were born. They were both by-products of a struggle for power between opposing factions, and it is hard to conceive of more unfavorable conditions under which a political sub-division might be created.

The two opposing political factions were the Radical Republican League and the Conservative Democrats.

During the administration of Governor Isaac Murphy many conservatives, even men who had rebelled against the United States, were elected to state office. Among these was William W. Watkins, who was reelected to the state senate from Carroll County, upon his return from service in the Confederate Congress and the Confederate Army. We find also that Hugh Coffman, who had been postmaster at Gaither, and Joseph Baines, who had been postmaster at Crooked Creek, returned from serving the Confederacy and re-assumed their former governmental positions. But when the military reconstruction began, those who came to power were committed to a policy of complete subjugation of the rebels, and it soon became evident that there would be many changes in federal, state and county officials. The first step in this direction had been accomplished in taking control of the registration and election machinery.

In the election that followed in 1868, J. T. (Town) Hopper became senator from Carroll County. Senator Hopper's most important legislation was a bill to create Boone County.

The county was erected from territory taken off the east side of Carroll County. Six years later a small strip

was added from the west side of Marion County. Hopper's bill had little difficulty passing both house and senate, and on April 9, 1869 Governor Clayton signed the bill into law. Thus we can see that Boone County owes its conception to a former Union soldier, and its birth to the carpetbagger legislature. After the conception and birth it received the benign blessing of Arkansas' reconstruction governor.

The act which created the county was Act LXX of 1869. The title of this act reads as follows:

"An Act to Organize and Establish the County of Boone, and For Other Purposes."

There has long been a belief that the original intention was to name the county "Boon." I have subscribed to this belief myself. However, we are faced with the indisputable fact that the act itself spells the name "Boone"; also the Arkansas Gazette for April 9, 1869 carried a story of the creation of the new county, and it was there stated that the name was given in honor of Daniel Boone. The idea that the county was first spelled "Boon" came about by reason of a letter written by Senator Hopper. In this communication the senator stated that the county was well named for it would certainly be a "boon" to the people of this area. This letter read in part as follows: "The natural and beautiful views created a wild and romantic scenery which suggested the name Boon." There is another fact that adds credence to the story of the different spelling in the beginning. The name of the first paper printed in the county by Thomas Newman was "Boon County Advocate." It is quite possible that there was some misunderstanding at the time as to whether the county was meant to be "Boon" or "Boone," but regardless of what the intention or feeling of the people might have been, the act itself created "Boone County" spelled with the "E."

Act LXX also provided that "the temporary seat of justice of said county shall be at the store-house of H. W. Fick, in Jackson township, until located as hereinafter provided."

In this manner Senator Hopper favored Captain Fick, and Hopper then looked after his own interests in the next section of the act, which read in part as follows:

"All county and township officers, heretofore elected in the County of Carroll, who may fall within the limits of the County of Boone—shall be and remain officers in said county (Boone) until the next general election—."

The act then provided for a special election the following August to elect all other officers and to name commissioners, one from each township, who would locate the permanent seat of justice. It here specified that "said seat of justice shall be permanently located as near the center of said county as eligible location may be found, not to exceed six miles from the ascertained center thereof."

This establishment of Boone County was destined to completely change the history of this area. It meant a radical readjustment in the political structure of Carroll County. Heretofore the formation of Madison and Newton Counties had not seriously disturbed the seat of government at Carrollton, but when Boone County was created the county line ran just a short distance east of the town. Immediately Berryville began agitating for removal of the county seat to that town, and it was evident from the first that sooner or later this would be done. In 1875 the final blow fell on Carrollton, when Berryville became the seat of Carroll County government. With this Carrollton ceased to be the center of political life and culture for this area, and thus after

forty years of dominance this historic town began a slow disintegration.

Many of North Arkansas' most outstanding men were living at Carrollton at the time Boone County was created, but as the town began to fade, they moved to new locations. Immediately after the war George J. Crump and Hugh Routh had each opened law offices at Carrollton. Routh proved to be no match for Crump's sharp tongue and quick wit, so, being unwilling to rank second best at anything, Routh gave up law, went east to Philadelphia and studied medicine. Upon completion of his studies he returned to Carrollton to serve one of the longest medical careers in this area. In a few years Crump moved his law office to Harrison.

Sam W. Peel also began his legal career at Carrollton, but later he moved to Bentonville. After moving he ran for and was elected to Congress.

James H. Berry, who later became governor and United States Senator, likewise entered the law practice in this town, and prior to his election to governor he served as judge of the circuit.

It was also at Carrollton that William W. Watkins began his career as an attorney and statesman. After the war he moved to Bellefonte.

Some of the first officers elected in Boone County after its formation were J. H. Williams, Sheriff, and Napoleon B. (Pole) Crump, Circuit Clerk, both of whom were former Confederate soldiers. The County Judge was W. W. Jernigan, who had Fick's blessing, and the other Jernigan brother, David, was constable of the township. So, even with control of the election machinery, Fick was not able to completely dominate.

Soon after the county was formed, it became evident that this was only part of the plan worked out by Fick and Hopper, and bit by bit the rest of the scheme began

to unfold. Fick had envisioned a city on the banks of Crooked Creek. As luck would have it there was at this very time a civil engineer in the vicinity, who had been surveying for a possible railroad line from Springfield, Missouri into North Arkansas. The engineer was a former Union Army Colonel by the name of M. LaRue Harrison. At Fick's request Colonel Harrison surveyed a townsite on the banks of the crooked little stream.

Not too much is known about Colonel Harrison, except that he had been commanding officer of Company A, First Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers when the regiment was organized in Southern Missouri. On August 7, 1862 he had been promoted to Colonel in command of the regiment. As stated, he came to Arkansas on a civil engineering project after the war, then after laying off the town he remained here a few years and offered his services as surveyor and civil engineer. His professional advertisement announcing this fact appears in the early editions of the Boone County Advocate. While he was here doing his engineering he also did some surveying along other lines, for he met and married Mattie Mitchell, the daughter of former state senator, William Mitchell. Our information is that Colonel Harrison moved to Chicago after a few years sojourn in the town that bore his name, and never again made his home here.

In the meantime Captain Fick had obtained the appointment as postmaster at Crooked Creek. This was done by discontinuing the office on February 8, 1867, thereby automatically relieving Postmaster Baines of his position. (As stated before, Baines had returned to the position of postmaster from service in the Confederate Army). Then the Crooked Creek office was reestablished February 4, 1863; the location was changed to Fick's store and Fick was named postmaster.

On February 7, 1870 Fick had the name of the office

changed to Harrison, to partially show his appreciation to the young engineer for surveying the town. Thus it was that Harrison received its name, but certainly this honor should have gone to Captain Fick. By all rules of the game we should not be Harrison, but rather we should be Ficktown, Fickville, or Fickburg.

Though Fick had his town surveyed and named he did not go through the formalities of having it incorporated for six more years, on March 1, 1876. Long before Harrison was incorporated it had been through a hot political fight, and had won a close election for the honor of being county seat.

In 1869 the commissioners, pursuant to Act LXX, fixed the permanent seat of government for the county at Harrison. Six years later a sufficient number of citizens had petitioned to change the location, and an election was called on the proposition. This soon settled down to a fight between Harrison and Bellefonte. Most of the former Confederates were pulling for Bellefonte, because it was definitely a community that had favored the southern cause. On the other hand, Harrison had been fathered by former Union soldiers and carpetbaggers, and it was openly called a "Carpetbagger's town." But those who favored Bellefonte had a master politician to be reckoned with, in the person of Captain Fick.

Fick did not intend to have the election fought on the basis of Union against Confederacy, so he campaigned with a number of former Confederate soldiers who lived in and around Harrison. He sold them on the idea of the possible aggrandizement to their property if Harrison won. Thus Fick became the first Republican in the county to pull the well known maneuver of divide and conquer. Soon he had Captain W. F. Pace, Pole Crump, Os Nicholson and other Democrats carrying the Harrison banner.

As the election approached the feeling became more tense and a few fights followed. When the day of the election came the people of Harrison rolled out the watermelons for everyone that would partake.

With the voting over and the votes counted, the electrifying results swept the county like wildfire—the new municipal star was now fixed in its position of preeminence. The carpetbagger town had won by a margin of one hundred forty-nine votes. Eight hundred thirty-three had voted to change the seat of government to Bellefonte and nine hundred eighty-two had favored leaving it at Harrison. In this election the voting was exceedingly heavy and the contesting locations ran neck and neck. In fact when both Harrison and Bellefonte were tabulated the count stood two hundred sixty-three favoring Harrison and two hundred seventy-four favoring Bellefonte. Jefferson and Blythe then made their returns and Bellefonte surged into a hundred sixty-six vote lead. Captain Fick was an astute politician and he knew that Bellefonte had played its trump cards early, so Jackson, Carrollton, Crooked Creek and Long Creek reported a clear three hundred thirty vote majority for Harrison. After that the other townships didn't really matter for the issue was settled.

The men in the Bellefonte area were bitter, but Harrison was jubilant. All night long guns and anvils were fired and a huge bonfire was built on top of the hill across the creek from the town, so the vanquished could see the glory of the rising light to their west. Before morning it was rumored that a mob from Bellefonte was marching on Harrison, so the citizenry of the county seat gathered on the hill above the town ready to do battle. There the embattled Harrisonians waited, armed with sticks, clubs, rocks, and guns. The Bellefontainians never came.

Captain Fick's control of the political picture now became more firmly fixed, but he knew that if he was to maintain his position he needed an agency through which he could present his beliefs to the people. He, no doubt, had this very thing in mind when he contacted Thomas Newman in St. Louis and prevailed on him to come to Harrison. Newman had been a radical abolitionist. In fact he had published an abolitionist paper in Kansas before the war, and had wound up by having his printing press thrown in the Kaw River and himself invited out of town.

As a boy Newman had come from Dorchester, England with his father. He grew up in Philadelphia, but as a young man he went to Kansas and became a railroad engineer. From this job he switched to newspaper work and soon acquired his own press. After he was forceably taken out of the newspaper business in Kansas he went to Missouri and there fought with the Missouri Militia. In 1869, at Fick's instigation, he came to Harrison and founded the Boon(e) County Advocate, which was changed to The Times in 1876.

Though Fick and Newman saw eye to eye on most things they did not always agree, and at one time in 1871 they almost came to a parting of the ways. Friction had arisen between the two over the placing of the state printing contracts for the county with Newman's Democratic competitor. In a letter which Newman addressed to Fick (who was temporarily away from Harrison) on February 25, 1871, he said: "I know you would not have me believe, that the Governor, one who has the welfare of his friends so much at heart, would take the public printing, which was worth the following three or four weeks—about \$125.00 from each county, from his friends to give it to his open enemies, without first asking one of his friends—This I can't believe. Now you say it is

restored to me. Poor compensation! Give it to me for six months worth \$17.75 and take it away four weeks when its worth \$600, and that without asking a friend of the party who was at his elbow about it—”

Newman then spoke of his fealty to the Radical Republican principles, and then went on to take Fick to task for too much fraternizing with “rebels.” On this subject Newman said, “In my every day life I associate with the men who have fought the right way and who are daily and hourly showing their attachment to the present government of the state and nation by openly fighting their enemies, and if for doing this I am to be punished and those who could do me good are to join with the “common enemy” to break me up; if I and those who have fought, and are fighting the good fight, are to suffer from “friends” (?) it is time that my humble voice is raised in protest—”

But let us remember that Fick was a good politician, and when he returned to Harrison he no doubt explained things to Newman’s satisfaction, for the feeling between them did not precipitate an open break. It is interesting to note that Newman became postmaster at Harrison two months later. This may have been Fick’s peace offering.

Newman had several things about him that could have made him unpopular with the hill people. He was an abolitionist and a Radical Republican. In addition he was a Roman Catholic, and the mountaineers were suspicious of Catholicism. However, in spite of these things, Newman was held in very high esteem, and was elected first Mayor of Harrison in 1882. Here one question arises that I am not able to answer, and that is, why this town that was incorporated in 1876 waited six year to elect its first mayor.

Newman became quite famous throughout the Ozark

region as a pedestrian. He was the original walking editor of the Ozarks. He made frequent trips on foot to Ft. Smith, Little Rock and Springfield, Mo.

Fick had been the moving force behind the establishment of Harrison, but he was not the only one to share in the benefits that accrued. Lorenzo D. Rush and his son, Lorenzo Jr., owned the greater portion of what became the business section of the town. On March 30, 1870 Rush conveyed Block One, which contained 3 and 62/100 acres, to Boone County to be used for a county court house. Then on June 18, 1870 he conveyed Lot 4 Block 10 to the Methodist Episcopal Church. This would indicate that the Methodists were the first to have a church in Harrison. Even before these two conveyances, Fick had conveyed Lots One, Three and Five in Block Sixty-two to Boone County School District Number One for "school and religious purposes." These lots are part of the present Central Grade School property, and the land deeded by Fick has been in constant use for school purposes since the year of the conveyance.

Though Rush, Town Hopper and Isaac Moore owned large tracts of land in town, Fick seemed to be a more aggressive salesman, for almost a fourth of the land sales in Boone County during the first two years of its existence were by him.

When on March 1, 1876 the certificate of incorporation was issued for the Town of Harrison, Arkansas, the town fathers immediately saw their opportunity to usher the town into political existence in a paritotic atmosphere that could not happen again for one hundred years. This was the year of the centennial celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Far and wide the word was sent forth that a great picnic would be held in Harrison on July 4th. My father, during his lifetime, often told me of this greatest of all

Harrison celebrations. He was then a boy of fourteen, living between Mountain Springs and Carrollton. All of his family, as well as all the neighbors came to town on that day. The small children and women rode in ox wagons, the men rode horseback, and the young people walked along the road. The holiday atmosphere was present even as they journeyed toward Harrison in the early morning. The boys and girls laughed, sang, played and bantered along the way. The picnic itself was such a gala affair that those who witnessed it remembered it in detail throughout their lives.

The merrymaking began when the band rolled onto the southeast corner of the square to the stirring strains of "The Red, White and Blue." From this the band swung into the nostalgic melody "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Then to the roll of drums and the clash of cymbals they marched to the race track followed by a troop of soldiers. The track was then located just northeast of the square. Here a throng of more than three thousand people awaited the arrival of the band. Captain W. F. Pace mounted the platform as master of ceremonies, and introduced Dr. Burns of Bellefonte, who eloquently read the "Declaration of Independence." As the last memorable words died on his lips, the band struck up "Hail Columbia." Next Professor Walker of Bellefonte Academy spoke with feeling of the past glories of our nation and the hopes for our future greatness. At the close of his address the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and as the strains of what was to become the National Anthem rose above the throng, men who but little more than a decade before had worn the gray, stood erect with heads bared. This was followed by the reading of an original ode composed by Professor Cottron of the Valley Springs Seminary. The band then concluded the mornings program with another playing of "The Red, White and Blue." Fol-

lowing this lunches were spread, and great platters of squirrel, rabbit, chicken and venison were washed down with lemonade. When two o'clock came the band sounded off with "Rally Around the Flag Boys" and the crowd moved from the festive board to the race track for the joust.

The game of joust was derived from the contests of the knights of old. In medieval times jousting was a contest by two armored knights, armed with lances, who charged each other head-on; each sought to unhorse the other. The sport as it was brought to these hills by our ancestors from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia was somewhat tamer than the original version, in that it was primarily a contest of horsemanship. Here the game was played on a race track. At the side of the track stood three posts, one in the middle and one at each end. An arm on top of each post extended out and held, suspended by a wire, a ring two and a half inches in diameter. Each rider held a pointed stick, and the object was to take each ring from its place with the spear, while riding horseback as fast as the horse could travel. Eight seconds was the time allotted each rider. Many of the contestants were former cavalrymen, and the riding was always exceptionally good. The account of the celebration that was published in the Centennial Edition of the Harrison Times states that the contest was won by Alf King. J. Sol Mitchell placed second.

When dark came there was another band concert and this was followed by a grand display of fireworks that lasted three hours. After this the celebrants treked homeward, many a distance of ten or twelve miles, but all felt that they had been well compensated for their time and effort. Harrison had shown that she was deserving of the honors that had recently been bestowed upon her.

This celebration did much to heal the wounds of war

and reconstruction, and the town now began to emerge from its period of bitterness. For the six years preceeding this gala Fourth, the Circuit Court docket for the county shows case after case in which the leaders of both factions were arrested for assault, resisting an officer, carrying weapons, and inciting riots. These criminal cases were followed by a long list of suits at law for usurpation of office, and for expunging public records. In this same period many of Boone County's most prominent citizens had been placed under peace bonds. Now these cases were taken from the docket by change of venue and nolle prosequere.

One of the incidents that happened during the period of bitterest strife, that probably was most typical, was the episode of "Wild Bill" Jones.

Jones had been a Confederate soldier from Bellefonte, and he was quite contemptuous of the new carpet-bagger town. One day while in Harrison he decided to show his feeling for the town by riding up and down the board walk between Fick's store and Jernigans hotel singing a little ditty he had composed. The song ran as follows:

"Fick's town, Browser's street,
Jernigan's Hotel and nothin' to eat."

Fick had Jones arrested and taken before the Justice of the Peace, where a fine of five dollars was assessed against the offender. Jones paid his fine and then went back to singing his song again. The Constable came out to arrest him, but this time Jones pulled his gun and shot the Constable's gun from his hand. Then insisting that he had paid his "singin' license" Jones continued to hold the officer at bay until he had had his fill of singing. He then rode on his way, but as he went toward home that night he was waylaid and badly wounded. Wild Bill was then brought back to Harrison and placed in jail.

Medical attention was furnished him by Dr. James H. Robinson of Bellefonte, and the doctor's daily reports showed Jones to be in a very critical condition. Then one night, when the report indicated that the wounded man could not survive until morning, he escaped on an already saddled and bridled horse that stood near by. The fact that Dr. Robinson and Jones had served in the Confederate Army could have had something to do with the developments in this case.

Jones made his way to the Indian Territory where he remained for a few years. Later he returned and bought a home in Carroll County, on Yocum Creek. He lived a long and peaceful life there.

Our mention of Dr. Robinson has brought to mind a condition that existed in this county. There was, immediately following the war, a great shortage of doctors in Boone County. A few herb doctors and quacks filled in here and there, but Robinson was the only graduate doctor in the county for the first few years. He had lived in Bellefonte prior to the war and had gone into the Confederate Army from there, to serve as a physician and surgeon under Sterling Price's command. After the war he returned to his home and practice, and for a few years he had most of the county to serve alone. Then Hugh Routh completed his studies and returned to practice in West Boone County. A few years later, in 1871, a young medical student, Leonidas Kirby, came to Harrison from Dade County, Missouri. Kirby did not come to Arkansas as a doctor, but rather to operate a drug store. He had studied medicine under an uncle in Missouri, but he did not feel that he was sufficiently well prepared to practice. However, conditions practically forced him to enter the medical practice. Soon he found himself ministering to the sick and injured through necessity. Then it was that he gave up his ambition

to be a druggist, returned to Missouri for further medical training, and came back to Harrison to serve as a doctor for some sixty years.

All of these things meant that a change was slowly taking place in the county. A new day was dawning—a day that would find the people with less hatred and prejudice. New people were coming into the hill country—men and women who would make their homes and contribute their talents to the rebuilding of an impoverished land.

CHAPTER X

HEALING WATERS AND A RAILROAD

On the state level the Republican party had already sealed its doom, though as yet they seemed not to realize this fact. They had split into two opposing factions, each decrying the corruption and unfitness of the other. The Democrats had but to agree with both and bide their time. Clayton had maneuvered himself into the United States Senate, and Joe Brooks was determined to succeed to the governor's chair. The followers of Clayton had been dubbed the "Minstrels" and the Brooks men were called "Brindle Tails"—both names being terms of derision created by the Democrats. Since the Brindle Tails had no spokesman save old fire-eatin' Joe, it was natural that he should be their candidate for the office of governor. Clayton wanted the campaign run on a higher plane, so to give color of dignity to his faction he had Elisha Baxter nominated. Baxter had fought with the Union forces but he was not in favor of harsh treatment for the South. In the campaign that followed Baxter proved too conciliatory for Clayton, in that he favored the restoration of full rights to the former rebels, and he came out openly for a new constitution for the state. Clayton saw that he could not dominate Baxter so he shifted his support to Brooks. After the struggle between Baxter and Brooks was finally resolved in Baxter's favor, the carpetbag government crumbled, and with it Clayton's grip on the political structure of the state disappeared. When Clayton's term in the Senate was over he returned to his home in Little Rock, but he was treated with such coldness that he moved to Eureka Springs where he finally spent

the greater part of his wealth building railroads and resort facilities.

During Clayton's administration progress was made in a few fields. A state university was created and a system of public schools was set up. Also a net-work of railroads was built. In spite of the accomplishments though, the government was infamously corrupt. On this point D. Y. Thomas in "Arkansas and Its People," says:

"Under the pretext of encouraging internal improvements, the taxpayers were robbed, party henchmen cared for, and an enormous debt piled up, all without material returns. To this must be added three million dollars authorized and squandered in the levee business without appreciably increasing the mileage or conditions of the levees already existing. Under the laws authorizing refunding the state debt and loaning the credit of the state in aid of railroad construction, the regenerators incurred a funded debt of more than ten million dollars, a floating debt of nearly two millions, an annual no appreciable railroad mileage, and no public improvement expenditure of one and a quarter millions, with no credits, merits to show for it."

Thus we can see that the Clayton faction left the state some \$15,000,000 in debt.

When Clayton went down, Fick and his other followers throughout the state folded with him. For the next twenty years men ceased to run for office on constructive platforms; instead they ran against Clayton and the carpetbaggers, even though this was actually no longer an issue. It became difficult for anyone except a Confederate veteran to be elected to county, district or state office. Thus the men who had rebelled against their government were returned to control of the elective offices, and the key to a man's political prestige was most likely the vigor with which he had opposed the ousted forces.

Though eliminated from elective office, both Clayton and Fick continued to exercise great influence within their party, and each received appointive Federal positions. In addition to this, both devoted a great deal of their time to civic improvements. Clayton's most notable contributions to Eureka Springs were the construction of resort facilities and the Eureka Springs Railway. But the reason for the railway, or for the town of Eureka Springs itself, is the story that should be told first.

Eureka Springs was a town built by water, and this town and its water did more to build this section of Northwest Arkansas than any other one thing.

A belief in the curative values of water is not a new idea. We find it cropping up at various times throughout the course of history. Ponce de Leon was in search of a fountain of youth when he came from Spain to the North American continent. Here in the Ozarks, stories of the healing powers of certain springs were continually being told. Hence, when an Osage Indian Chief, White Hair, revealed that a certain basin spring in these hills would cure sore eyes, his story was generally believed. Men have always found or fancied that they found healing faculties in springs. Dr. Alvah Jackson, in 1858, relying upon the stories he had heard, and an experience he had in healing his own son's eyes, started bottling the water from the basin spring and selling it under the name "Dr. Jackson's Eye-Water." So far as we are able to ascertain this is the same Dr. Jackson who was rendering bear grease at the mouth of Bear Creek twenty-years before this time. During the Civil War the old doctor had treated some ailing Confederate soldiers with the healing waters from Basin Spring and the adjoining springs. The treatment in some cases was very successful. The miracle of water cure was then practically forgotten until 1879, at which time Judge

Saunders of Carroll County became afflicted with erysipelas and was induced by Dr. Jackson to resort to the curative powers of the springs. Judge Saunders took the treatment for ten weeks and at the end of the period was completely well. Word of this spread throughout the country and people began coming, first by the hundreds and later by the thousands, to be healed of every conceivable malady.

This brought to Carroll and Boone Counties their first post-war era of real prosperity. Eureka Springs had forty-two springs within the city, so naturally no one could vie with them in the number of ailments that could be cured. However, let us emphasize here that Boone County tried to get her part of the curative water business. At one time during the 1880's the county had three flourishing resorts built around medicinal springs.

The most famous of these was the Elixir Springs, which reached the height of its popularity as a watering place in the summer of 1882. It has been estimated that there was a population of one thousand people living there at that time. The town had been laid off into lots and blocks and several houses were built near the health giving waters. The water from Elixir Springs contained less solid matter in solution than that of any other springs in the Ozark region, which gave it at least one mark of distinction. This resort was located a short distance north and east of Bergman, but it has long since completely disappeared. At one time it boasted not only a post office, stores, a livery stable and several homes, but also a weekly newspaper. In 1882 Thomas Newman was persuaded to publish the Elixir Bugle, but after one year's operation he discontinued publication. The life of the town itself was short, for Dr. Branner, who visited there in 1892 reports that nothing was left save a post office, one store, a livery stable and three or

four occupied dwellings.

Another popular spring in Boone County was Tom Thumb. Now there are few people in the county who even know there is such a place. The location of this spring is some fifteen miles southwest of Harrison on the side of Gaither Mountain, above Gaither Cove. The bench on which the spring is located varies from a few yards to a quarter of a mile in width. The water from the spring is clear, odorless and slightly alkaline in taste. It contains considerable more solid matter in solution than any of the springs in Eureka Springs. Tom Thumb got an earlier start than Elixir, and had already begun attracting visitors in 1875. It was owned and promoted by Samuel N. Flinn, who had been prominent in this vicinity for many years. Within a few years after the founding of this resort more than fifty houses had been built nearby, and it is estimated that about a thousand people spent the summer months there. In a few years this place also faded away, and by 1892 only two families remained. Now it is difficult to imagine that it was ever the site of a once famous health resort.

The other Boone County spa was Sulphur Springs, which is on the north side of Sulphur Mountain, nearly nine miles south of Harrison. The site of this spring is famous for its view and notorious for its smell. The water has a high content of sulphuretted hydrogen gas which gives off a very perceptible odor. The location of the spring is such that a splendid view can be had of the greater portion of the county. This resort never became as popular as Elixir or Tom Thumb, but it remained a favorite picnic spot with many people long after the other two were dead.

So Boone County, though its springs never became as well known as those of its neighbor to the west, still can claim distinction. It has the hardest water, the softest

water and the "stinkiest" water in the two county area.

When the county was settled, most of the early communities were built around springs, and in some cases the springs furnished the name for the community itself. We have Valley Springs (formerly Twin Springs), Bellefonte, and Bear Creek Springs as examples. Harrison was built around three large springs, one of which, the Mitchell Spring, is still a principal source of our city water supply. The other two are the Stifler Spring and the Rush Spring. Stifler still trickles weakly from the bank of Crooked Creek near the Legion Hut, and Rush has come to a rather sad demise, in that it has been buried beneath the sewer pump house on East Stephenson. At one time, in our early history, both were popular picnic and camping places.

Another thing happened in the 1870's and 1880's that worked along with the curative waters to add an air of prosperity to Boone County. It had long been known that there were traces of lead and zinc in the northern and eastern portions of the county. In 1871 the Spring Valley Mining Company of Springfield, Missouri, and the Sugar Loaf Mining Company obtained mineral leases on hundreds of acres in the Lead Hill area. The Arkansas Gazette for March 16, 1887 carried a story of a large shipment of zinc ore from Boone County to St. Louis. The mining industry continued to flourish here in some degree or other for several years.

It was in the 80's that the first railroad was built into Carroll County, but Boone had to wait another twenty years before the railroad came to her. It was the springs that brought the railroads into the Arkansas Ozarks, and the person who did more to bring this about than any other one, was the man most hated of all, Powell Clayton.

In 1881 a group of St. Louis capitalists, largely

through the solicitation of Clayton, constructed a line from Seligman, Missouri to Beaver, Arkansas, a distance of twelve miles. This road was known as the Missouri and Arkansas. In 1882 Clayton organized another company, which built a line from Eureka Springs to Beaver and thereby made it possible for resort minded people, who were seeking healing waters, to ride by train to Eureka Springs. This definitely gave this North Arkansas city the inside track on tourist trade in the Ozarks, but almost immediately Eastern Carroll and Boone began agitating for an extension of the line. For twenty years they had to settle for daily stage coach service instead. A daily stage ran each way between Eureka Springs and Harrison until 1901. This coach line did a flourishing business in passenger service and it also carried the mail. However, this was not the first daily mail to come to Harrison, for in 1874 a route had been created from Yellville to Fayetteville. This route traveled via Powell (now Pyatt), Valley Springs, Bellefonte, Harrison, Mountain Spring, Carrollton, Draketown, Huntsville and Fayetteville. This first route was carried on horseback with rest stations about every twenty miles. At each station a fresh animal waited, curried and saddled. The writer's grandfather was postmaster at Mountain Spring while the route was in operation, and one of the rest stops was at that office. My father had the job of caring for the mounts. He has told me that mules were used on the route, and they were ridden so hard in order to maintain schedules that they were always in very bad condition. Later when the stage line was established to Eureka Springs the horseback route to Fayetteville was discontinued.

I have no record of the Yellville to Fayetteville route ever being robbed, but the stage line between Harrison and Eureka Springs was held up on at least one occasion. This robbery was a rather unusual crime in

that it was not committed by professional robbers, but rather was the product of the adventuresome spirit of three teen-agers. One of these young people was a girl. It is quite possible that the young people had read too many stories about the James brothers and the Youngers. At any rate they were not handled harshly for their crime, and the two more youthful members of the trio afterward spent long exemplary lives in this county.

In spite of the fact that the railroad stopped short of the county, hundreds upon hundreds of new people continued to come during this period. Some interesting facts about the Boone County population are shown by the census for 1880. In that year there were 12,099 people in the county, and out of this number only forty-seven were foreign born. Over fifty per cent of the county's inhabitants were at that time native born Arkansans. Of those who were born in other states, by far the most came from Tennessee and Missouri; there being from those two states 1994 and 1306 respectively. Most of the others came from North Carolina, Georgia and Kentucky—over three hundred from each state. The others had come from other southern and mid-western states.

In 1890 the population shows a rather substantial increase, having reached a total of 15,816. Of this number 14,378 was rural population and 1438 lived in towns. There were in 1890 twenty-four post offices as compared to ten at the present time. Then the rural population of Boone County was much greater than it is today, and Harrison had less than one-tenth of the total population as compared to more than one-third today. Many communities existed in 1890 that have long since been forgotten, such as Dugger Mills, Mallard, Pedlo and Sycamore. Other communities, which were then rather large and progressive, have since survived in name only. One of these is Francis, now called Bear Creek Springs. It was a thriving community with a post

office, two or three stores, and a bonded distillery. Another large community was Gaither, which included the Tom Thumb resort. Here Samuel N. Flinn had operated a general store for several years before the Civil War. He continued in business during hostilities, though at times he was forced to take to the nearby mountain to escape bushwhackers or Union troops. He gave aid to Confederate soldiers during the war, and when money became practically non-existent in the community he issued his own script that was redeemable at his place of business. When the war was over he continued in business for several years and his last years were spent at his home near the Tom Thumb Spring. He died there in 1875. Hugh Coffman was postmaster at Gaither before the war, and he returned to his position after service in the Confederate Army. During the period he was in the army his office was pillaged by irregulars and the stamp stock was carried away. The Postmaster General required him to make good the loss after the war was over. Gaither continued to be a rather large and progressive rural community for many years, and at times it boasted its own professional staff of doctors and lawyers.

As all these communities continued to grow the governmental problems became more complex, and the nature of the law violations took on a new complexion. A check of the court records for the period 1883 to 1885 show that liquor law violations had become the most common offense. Selling liquor within three miles of a school house, selling liquor to minors and selling without a license led the list of indictments.

Where we as a county had first been concerned with the problem of a predilection of many of our citizens toward gaming, horseracing and carrying weapons, we were now becoming concerned about their drinking habits.

CHAPTER XI

THE NOT TOO GAY NINETIES AND THE CLENDENIN RIFLES

Fick lived for several years beyond the period of his political domination of Harrison and Boone County. Even after his grip on local politics was broken he continued to hold Federal positions. When Thomas Newman received the appointment as postmaster at Harrison, Fick was elevated to the position of Collector of Internal Revenue in the Third District of Arkansas. He held this appointment from 1871 to 1875, when he received a promotion within that branch of the service. He continued to serve in the Internal Revenue Service until his death on May 12, 1884.

Fick is the only man who has ever held anything approaching absolute political dictatorship over Boone County, but his rule, though dictatorial, was diplomatic. It was because of his ability to get along with people that he retained the respect of his fellow townsmen. When he died many, who had differed with him politically, sincerely mourned his death.

Thus the real father of Harrison passed on and the town moved from the 80's into the "Gay Nineties." But where the nation as a whole moved peacefully and happily into this well-mannered period, Boone County and Harrison shuffled awkwardly into the era, minus the suave mien that was characteristic in most other places.

Harrison in the 80's and 90's was far different from today. Both the town and the county looked and acted like a chapter from a story of the wild and woolly west. There were dirt streets then—streets that stood in powdery whiteness and sent up great billows of dust

in the dry summertime, or became quagmires when it rained. Board walks and wooden buildings with false fronts stood on all sides of the square. In the center of the court square was the old brick court house, built in 1870. All about the square were hitch racks where horses ate with noses poked in feed boxes, pawed in the dirt streets, or drowsed in the sunshine. On the south side of the square were two saloons, and on the east side one, all of which had a tendency to become a little rough and hilarious on occasions. But in spite of all this rough exterior, there were a few who had ideas about society and culture. There were some—not many—elegant two and three story homes built deep among the shade trees of spacious lots. Here the houses were trimmed with “ginger-bread” cornice and stained glass windows. On Sunday beautiful betasseled surreys stood in front, while young men with waxed mustaches helped dainty young things, all covered with hoops and lace and frills, to and from the house. We had our band then, our literary societies and an academy where Latin, Greek, Shakespeare and Trigonometry were taught to those who were really ambitious for higher learning. To begin with there was Professor Killo and later Professor Scott, both able pedagogues, and the town people were proud of their school. The band was something of which the town was justly proud also. First they had only a bandwagon, and then later a bandstand in the northwest corner of the court park. Here concerts were held on Sunday afternoons and holidays. The roster of this band shows that John R. Newman, played Eb Cornet; Thos. Burke, 2nd Eb Cornet; J. M. Penn, Be Cornet; John T. Maxey, alto; J. P. Poteet, tenor; L. O. Maggard, baritone; W. B. Armstrong, bass; J. M. Hurst, snare drum; and Thomas Newman, bass drum and cymbals.

Those who sought after the more cultural things were in the minority, for in the main the town was rough and rowdy. Saturday night brawls and gun plays were common, and so many fights, which resulted in fatalities, took place at the southeast corner of the square during this period and the succeeding twenty years, that this particular part of the square was dubbed "dead man's corner."

The town had its colored section in those days. All that portion from Rush Avenue and Sycamore, east to Chestnut, and north up Dry Jordan; also that section lying southeast of Rose Hill Cemetery was inhabited by Negro families. There were three or four families living where Woodland Heights School is now located, and other families were scattered in various sections of the town. Many of these were former slaves of our first settlers. Most of the others were their descendants. There was never a large Negro population in Harrison, probably never more than three or four hundred, but they had their church, their social life, and in the main there was little friction between them and the whites. When the colored people decided they wanted a school for their children, they staged a big barbecue at the Fair Grounds, which were located where the railroad shops and roundhouse were later built. Whites and colored people alike turned out in great numbers for the barbecue, and soon the Negro children had a school.

In the 90's there were several vacant lots around the square and the number was constantly changing, for fires on several occasions wiped out whole sections of wooden structures. Some far-sighted business men, in this period, began building brick and stone structures, and most of these buildings are still in use today. Some of Harrison's business men in the 80's and 90's were J. O. (Os) Nicholson, who built a large general store

where Jackson Clothing Company is now located, but this building burned sometime prior to 1898. Other merchants were W. H. Cecil and L. H. Schweitzer. George Frew had a harness shop and Fosbender ran a restaurant. There was a Walters Dry Goods on the south side of the square. The Speer brothers operated a hotel on the east side of the square, and the Southern Hotel stood on the corner now occupied by the Arkansas Tire and Supply. The Bower brothers had a wagon and buggy shop, and scattered throughout the town were some three or four livery stables. F. M. (Morris) Garvin, who had married Colonel George J. Crump's daughter, ran a bank, and the Colonel was now Harrison's leading attorney. However, Captain Pace was willing at any time to contest the Colonel on this point. Doctor Leonidas Kirby had his office on the square, and a young man named Johnny Johnson was operating a drug store and thinking seriously of taking up medicine as a profession. Garrett Deshazo and Sam Bradshaw served drinks to those who wished something stronger than lemonade or sarsaparilla.

It might seem to us that life was drab and uneventful in this era before shows, cars, radios and television, but new gadgets have only distorted our ideas of pleasure. Those who lived here then had their picnics, their barbecues, and on every special occasion there was a parade. Always in the parades were the veterans of the Confederate and Union Armies. They marched next to the band, and then came Harrison's own Clendenin Rifles, marching in rhythmic cadence to "The Red, White and Blue" or "Dixie." These were the sons of those who had worn the blue and the gray, but now they were one in uniform, flag and allegiance. Soon they were to be more strongly forged together in the crucible of war.

The year 1898 was election year in Arkansas and

Governor Dan W. Jones, running for his second term, administered a decisive defeat to the Republican candidate, H. L. Remmel. On the successful Democratic ticket with Jones were Alexander C. Hull, Secretary of State, and Jeff Davis, Attorney General. Hull was Harrison's first candidate to attain a state constitutional office. The other official mentioned, Jeff Davis, who was also a mountaineer, was now beginning one of the most spectacular and one of the most controversial political careers in the history of the state.

It was also in this year that the dark clouds of war began to loom upon the horizon. The hearts of people in this nation had been inflamed by stories of the cruel treatment of the people of Cuba by their Spanish overlords. Many of our leaders, who had a desire to see our country move into the position of a world power, did not hesitate to cry for war against the Spanish tyrants. Consequently when the battleship Maine burst into flames and sank in the harbor at Havana in February, 1898, with a loss of two hundred sixty American seamen, we suddenly found ourselves swept into war, with the slogan "Remember the Maine" on the lips of millions throughout the land.

On April 22, 1898 President McKinley called on Governor Dan W. Jones for 1,600 troops from Arkansas to serve against Spain. Governor Jones promptly wired the captains of the largest and best equipped companies inquiring how many sound and serviceable men they could furnish. John R. Newman, Captain of the Clendenin Rifles, officially known as Co. B., Fourth Infantry, Arkansas National Guard, replied on April 30th that he could muster fifty men. On May 7th the company mustered seventy-one officers and men ready for service against Spain. The enlisted personnel expressed a desire to elect their own officers, and Captain Newman quickly

agreed to this. Newman was unanimously re-elected, but First Lieutenant Eoff and Second Lieutenant Maggard were defeated by Robert Murray and John Clendenin. Lieutenants Eoff and Maggard refused to resign and were upheld by Governor Jones. All friction in the matter was then smoothed over and the company prepared to leave for the front.

On the eve of the departure of the Clendenin Rifles, the young ladies of the town gave their husbands and sweethearts a grand send-off with a magnificent banquet at the armory. Captain W. F. Pace, who had two sons, Henry and Troy, in the company, acted as toastmaster. Eloquent speeches were made by many of Harrison's outstanding citizens. Captain Story made a touching speech on the subject "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Captain Newman responded in a few well chosen words to the toast "The Star Spangled Banner." Then the talented Doctor Routh, "in his rare and inimitable style," did full justice to "The Girl I Left Behind Me." E. G. Mitchell (son of the Confederate soldier of like name who was killed during the Civil War) responded to the toast "The Clendenin Rifles" in a thrilling, eloquent speech that brought tears to the eyes of all in the audience. Interspersed throughout the program were patriotic and inspiring selections rendered by the Harrison Cornet Band. On the following day the company left by wagons. In route they passed through Green Forest and Berryville, and at both places the townspeople turned out in great numbers to welcome them and cheer them on their way. At Eureka Springs they transferred from wagons to rail, and in this manner they proceeded on toward Little Rock via Van Buren and Conway. At Springdale and Conway they were joined by more troops.

When the Clendenin Rifles arrived at Camp Dodge near Little Rock, they were assigned to the Second

Regiment, as Company K, under the command of Colonel Virgil Y. Cook. Some of the enlisted personnel of the company, besides those heretofore mentioned, were Sergeants Lon Kirby and Arch M. Crump; Corporal Ben N. Ritchey; and Privates W. P. Roark, George J. Crump, W. L. Lovett, Wm. J. Moore, Joe Weaver and Nathan L. Tims. It is doubtful if any company was ever mustered in this state that had more notables in its personnel. There were two mayors—Captain John R. Newman and Arch Crump of Yellville; one county clerk—J. D. Newton, of Boone County; one ex-county clerk and nominee for circuit clerk—First Lieutenant L. F. Eoff; Chief Clerk of the U. S. Land Office in Harrison—Second Lieutenant P. C. Maggard.

On May 29th the Second Regiment left Little Rock for Chickamauga, Tennessee, and supposedly for eventual assignment to combat duty. In the State Capitol a grand procession headed by Governor Jones and six hundred veterans of the Civil War lead the regiment to the station where 35,000 cheering people saw them entrain. The regiment traveled by way of Memphis and Birmingham, thence north to Chickamauga where they joined some 80,000 more troops from all parts of the nation.

Soon the Harrison company had acquired quite an enviable reputation for itself, as the following quote from the Chattanooga Times shows:

"Company K, of the Arkansas volunteer infantry, certainly takes the cake as an odd company. The company consists of one hundred men who came from Harrison, Boone County, Arkansas, which is located forty-five miles from any railroad. None of the men are under six feet, and the lightest man in the company weighs 195 pounds. The largest man in the company is six feet two inches in height and weighs 278 pounds."

This is a slight exaggeration, but the company was

most impressive in its appearance and it was one of the best trained companies in the regiment. In writing of their appearance, Captain Newman said in his first letter written from Chickamauga Park:

“Our boys look fine in their new uniforms and broad-brim crush hats, and it would be worth a week’s trip to any citizen of Harrison or Boone County to see them swing to the front on regimental parade. Our men size up to advantage over their brethern of the southern portion of the state, and even Jerry South’s “giants” take a back seat when Company K comes along.”

Jerry South’s company was the pride of our neighbor to the east, Mountain Home. South’s company, our own Company K, and one company each from Conway and Stuttgart made up the Third Battalion.

It was soon decided that this battalion should be brought up to full wartime strength, and Sergeant John L. Clendenin was sent back to Harrison to recruit more men. Three other sergeants were sent to other points in the state, and in a few weeks the battalion had one hundred ten additional men on their muster sheets.

Through June, July and August the Arkansas troops settled down to the monotony of camp life. There were the usual number of gripes—times when pay was irregular and tobacco ran short. Always there was the feeling of hope that they would soon be transferred to the front. Underneath was the thought that the war might be over before they got into it.

There was a great deal of sickness among the troops while at Chickamauga, and finally it was discovered that great numbers were being stricken because of contaminated water. There was general feeling that the Army was taking no remedial action, and as a result morale became very low. Newspapers took up the cudgel against Secretary of War Alger. He was blamed for the epidemic

of malaria and typhoid, and the camp conditions were compared to the horrors of the Andersonville prisoner of war camp. The southern papers accused Alger of playing low party politics with the war. One went so far as to say: "Northern troops were all sorted out for service while their Southern brethern were left to swelter and stew in the camps of instruction. Decent statesmen agree that the snubbing of the South's troops by the War Department after their gallant response to their country's call was a most disgraceful exhibition—." Naturally the troops of Company K, together with the other troops, were reading every word of these derogatory statements. About this time Private Isaac Davis of the company died and someone wrote an anonymous letter home with statements critical of the officers, especially Captain Newman. The Boone Banner, which was Captain Newman's competing newspaper in Harrison, immediately pounced upon this and sought to embarrass Newman by accusing him of being indifferent toward the illness of his men. Many soldiers in Company K wrote letters refuting the unwarranted attack, but the matter was bandied around as a political football for several weeks.

The attack on Secretary Alger and general conditions at Camp Chickamauga brought about a transfer of the Arkansas troops to Camp Shipp at Anniston, Alabama, sometime in August. In September Secretary Alger inspected the Second Arkansas, along with the Fourth Kentucky, Third Alabama, Third Tennessee and Fourth Wisconsin, and his deep praise of the Arkansas regiment did much to heal the bitter feeling.

Company K finished its military career at Camp Shipp. They were there from September 1898 until the latter part of February 1899, when they departed for Harrison. Of Company K's military record Captain Newman said:

"Responding to the first call we were amongst the first to come out and now we are with the last. We have been in three different army corps, all of which are now discontinued; we have waited patiently while one of the oldest nations of the world has been vanquished, vast territory and millions of people added to our possessions, and the flag we follow planted in two hemispheres, and yet we have only been destroying government rations instead of Spaniards.

"We have some little right, however, to regard ourselves as veterans, for we fought long and heroically with the bacilli and "embalmed beef" at Chickamauga, and during our ten months service have shoveled more dirt, dug more stumps and worn out more poor clothes than any two regiments during the four year war of rebellion. We are the survivors of many sham battles and long practice marches which are quite as trying if not so deadly as the genuine article, and propose to swap war stories with the older veterans in a way that must convince them we are the genuine article."

So Company K came home, and to the people of Harrison they were as much heroes of the conflict as if they had stormed the heights at San Juan or fought with Dewey at Manila. A procession of townspeople rode out to meet the returning company. The procession was led by Dr. Hugh Routh, and after him rode the county officials, city officials and long lines of veterans of the Blue and Gray, all followed by citizens in carriages and on horseback. As this procession came down West Stephenson toward the square a throng of people surged up the street toward them cheering wildly. The band caught the spirit and broke into the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." That night the boys of Company K sat down to the banquet board with the veterans of the War Between the States, and now they were one, bound to-

gether by a common love for their country.

In the matter of a few days the men were back in the civilian pursuits again. Captain Newman was at the editor's desk of the "Harrison Times"; L. F. Eoff was serving as circuit clerk, an office to which he had been elected while in the service; Lieutenant Maggard was chief clerk in the U. S. Land Office; N. N. Tims had returned to his farm near Harrison; and Sergeant B. N. Richie was back at his carpenter's bench. Sergeant Henry Pace had been discharged earlier and had returned to his study of medicine. While at Chickamauga, Pace had qualified as the best marksman in the company, but this would seem to be of little value to him in ministering to the sick. However, a chain of events had happened which caused his expert ability with a gun to bring him victory in one of Harrison's most spectacular gun battles.

In Harrison there lived one Monroe L. Aderhalt, who had come to this section from the western frontier in 1867. He had lived, originally, in North Carolina, where he was a member of an old and highly respected family that had been in that state since the days of the American Revolution. Aderhalt, as a young man, had, according to his own statements, taken part in some gun fights with cattle rustlers and sheep herders. Since coming to Boone County he had acquired quite extensive real estate holdings, including a three hundred acre farm just southwest of Harrison in the Crooked Creek valley. In addition to his other holdings, he operated for several years one of Boone County's bonded distilleries. Generally speaking, Aderhalt was respected as a citizen, but he was considered a dangerous man to cross. It was generally known that he carried his western style revolvers, and everyone respected his ability to use them. At this time Aderhalt was having domestic trouble, and he had threatened any lawyer who might take the case against

him. As proof of his intense feeling in this matter he had administered a beating to one Harrison attorney who dared advise persons who were representing his wife. Aderhalt's wife then retained Captain Pace to represent her, and Aderhalt sought to bluff Pace out of the case. Pace refused to be bluffed, even though Aderhalt, in order to further demonstrate his feelings, shot Pace and inflicted a slight wound. After this Pace and his three sons, Frank, Henry and Troy armed themselves and determined not to be caught unprepared. Just a few days later Pace and Aderhalt met face to face on the south side of the square, and Pace addressed him: "Good morning, Mr. Aderhalt." Aderhalt stopped abruptly and told the Captain never to speak to him again. The two walked on without further incident. A short time later Aderhalt was told that he had better be on his guard for the Paces were gunning for him. Later that day Aderhalt stepped out of a building on East Stephenson and walked toward the square. Henry Pace was standing at the southeast corner of the square by a small restaurant that had been built on the lot where Os Nicholson's store had burned a few years before. The restaurant was back several feet from the sidewalk. Frank Pace was standing further up the street directly in front of the restaurant, and Troy was diagonally across the street on the south side of the square. Just who drew first is something no one now living knows, but at any rate both Henry and Aderhalt had their guns out firing before many people realized what was happening. In the exchange of shots Aderhalt was wounded and he fell to the street. When the first shots were fired Frank rushed up to the corner, and Aderhalt fired at him from his lying position; however, the shock of the wound hindered his marksmanship. Three shots ripped past Frank and splintered the cornice boards of the res-

taurant. In the meantime Troy was approaching from across the street and the old Captain, having heard the shooting, was riding madly toward the affray. Troy fired one shot, but before Captain Pace reached the scene, Aderhalt had lapsed into unconsciousness. He soon succumbed to his wounds.

At first sentiment was pretty evenly divided for and against the Paces, for several people felt that they had waylaid Aderhalt; but, as more explanation was given to the affray, sentiment swung more in favor of the Pace boys.

When the grand jury met, an indictment for murder in the second degree was returned against Henry, Frank and Troy. It became apparent from the first that a conviction was improbable. E. G. Mitchell was then the Circuit Judge, and he immediately disqualified himself to serve as a witness for the defendants. The bar then selected J. W. Black as special judge to hear the case. The sheriff, Ceaf Parker, likewise disqualified, so he could appear as a witness for the Paces, and a special sheriff was appointed.

The Prosecuting Attorney elected to try Frank first and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Then the cases against Henry and Troy were continued to the next term of court. At next term both cases were dismissed by the State.

I have no intention of relating the twenty or more gun battles that have occurred on "Dead Man's Corner," but it is felt, that because of the prominence of the parties involved, this particular shooting deserved some mention.

Also the aftermath of the actual affray brought out one of the most striking characteristics of the mountaineer. The people, in the final analysis, rallied to the assistance of the Pace family, not so much because they felt that they were without fault, but because of their

gratitude to the old Captain for his leadership in unseating the hated Carpetbagger Rule. I think that all who know the mountaineer will agree that he never forgets a friend nor completely forgives an enemy.

In this same period, almost unnoticed by the majority of the county's inhabitants, a very important event for the future of the county transpired. In 1897 Charles Morris of Harrison brought a telephone line here from Springfield, Missouri. His subscribers were few and he was forced to operate this business from his home at the corner of East Stephenson and North Walnut. Later the business grew to such an extent that the office and switch-board were moved to the building now occupied by Croom's Store.

CHAPTER XII

A U. S. MARSHAL, ONE GALLUS JEFF, AND HARRISON'S FIRST RIOT

As the history of Arkansas from the 1820's until the 1850's was tied closely to that of Tennessee and Kentucky, so also did Arkansas dominate, in a political way, the Indian Territory of the 1880's and 1890's. Part of our contribution was decidedly bad. For years people from Arkansas, and to some extent from other states, had been moving into the Territory to escape criminal prosecution. In the beginning this land was without law, except for such justice as was dispensed by the Tribal Councils, and a rather ineffectual Federal Court which sat at Van Buren. In 1871 the court was transferred to Fort Smith, and in 1875 Judge Isaac C. Parker was appointed to this bench by President Grant. The U. S. Marshals then moved into the Territory in force, and for a time it became a showdown fight between them and the forces of lawlessness. Before many years the Oklahoma bad men began to fear and respect Fort Smith. This feeling was because of certain men who dwelt and worked in that city. The mention of Judge Parker was sufficient to send a chill to many a renegade's heart, and too, these same men had learned the hard way to respect the "six-shooters" and "Winchesters" of the U. S. Marshals. However, the deputy marshals had paid a big price in earning this respect, for sixty-five of them had fallen before the guns of Oklahoma outlaws.

In order to make this portion of our story complete we should tell a little about Arkansas' famous Judge Parker.

Isaac C. Parker was born in Belmont County, Ohio.

At the age of twenty-one he moved to Missouri, and there he became district judge of the state court, and then congressman. In 1875 President Grant named Parker, Judge of the Western District of Arkansas. With this appointment went far more than the usual Federal jurisdiction of a particular district, for the court had exclusive, original and in some cases final jurisdiction of all crimes committed in the Indian Territory. There has never been a court in the history of our nation that was faced with the law enforcement problems that this court had. In twenty-one years 13,490 cases were docketed and of this number 9,454 were either convicted or plead guilty. Judge Parker sentenced 172 persons to death and of this number 88 actually were hung.

As a result of this record Isaac Parker was looked upon as a very harsh and heartless individual and was dubbed the "hangin' judge." But to those who knew him, he was a man of two distinct characters. On the bench he was stern, impartial and inflexible; but off the bench he was gentle, kind, and easily approached. Though he sentenced 172 men to death, he personally opposed capital punishment. It was his contention that the strength of law enforcement lay in the certainty of punishment instead of the severity of punishment.

Harrison was closely tied to the forces that suppressed the lawless elements of the Indian Territory. It was during this period that one of our citizens served a four year term as United States Marshal for the Western District of Arkansas. Colonel George J. Crump was appointed Marshal for this district by President Cleveland in 1893.

One of Crump's official duties, while Marshal, was to preside at the hanging of the desperado, Cherokee Bill. Marshal Crump stood on the scaffold with the outlaw and read the death warrant to him. When Crump

concluded the reading he asked the Indian if he had anything to say. To this Cherokee Bill replied:

"No, except I wish the priest would pray."

Crump nodded to the priest who bowed his head and prayed in a voice barely audible. Then the trap was sprung by Deputy Marshal Campbell Eoff.

During the period Crump was Marshal he had three or four deputies from the Harrison area serving under him. One of these deputies was Bras Parker, who was a brother of Boone County Sheriff, Ceaf Parker. Bras Parker was one of the deputies who engaged in a gun battle with Cherokee Bill in the Fort Smith jail. Guns had been smuggled into the jail, and the Indian tried to effect a jail delivery; however, due to the bravery of Deputy Marshal Keating, who refused to unlock the doors, the escape plot failed. Keating was shot down by the outlaw, and then there followed a gun battle of several minutes duration—a battle in which over one hundred shots were fired, but in which no one save Keating was killed. Finally the desperado and another, who was attempting to help him, were subdued. When the shooting ceased a young Cherokee Indian named Henry Starr persuaded Cherokee Bill to surrender his gun. Starr was then in jail awaiting trial for the murder of a Deputy Marshal.

Colonel Crump, though primarily an administrative officer, was an excellent marksman both with a pistol and rifle, and even the most desperate criminals treated him with a great degree of respect.

On one occasion Crump and his deputies transported thirty-two bank robbers, train robbers and other western outlaws from Arkansas to a Detroit prison. The Detroit Journal carried a lengthy story about this picturesque group, which read in part as follows:

"The Colonel is the United States Marshal for the

Western District of Arkansas, and his contribution to the inhabitants of Detroit numbered some of the most desperate criminals in the annals of crime. He was accompanied by eight deputies, every man of whom has a reputation for bravery of which they are justly proud. Their names are Joseph F. Ivey, Edward Perryville, N. P. Gotcher, Carl Berry, Paul Euper, James Dodson, James McBride and Walter Garrett—All were decked out in wide sombreros, and each carried a Winchester rifle in addition to side arms.

"It was Thursday noon when the party left Fort Smith and the trip was made without the least difficulty. In the gang were four of Cook's famous train robbers, including "Skeeter," who was Cook's trusted lieutenant that had for 10 years been more feared than any of the western desperados.

"Col. Crump is a typical westerner, tall and brave looking, but gentlemanly in every particular. He has lived in Arkansas since 1842, and is a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat."

Many other Harrison people featured in the making of Oklahoma history. In 1889, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1901 and 1906, when unoccupied lands received from the Indians by treaty were opened to settlement, great numbers of Harrison men participated in the resulting land rushes. Most never bothered to make further proof on their claims. A few did stay and become leaders in the political life of Oklahoma.

I personally have known several men who made one or more of the land rushes into the Territory. In fact my maternal grandfather and his brothers were in the big rush of 1889 when the vast grazing lands of the Creeks and Seminoles were opened on April 22nd of that year. On this occasion troops were used to hold back the eager hordes until the appointed hour. When the signal

was given thousands upon thousands rushed madly in to claim the land. My grandfather and the other boys staked their claims, then they waited around for a few days wondering what to do with the land after they had claimed it.

Several interesting incidents happened to them while they were in the Territory, and one of them probably will bear telling.

One day, while they sat around the camp on their newly acquired lands, a young couple approached their party.

Shyly, the young man addressed one of my great uncles.

"You wouldn't happen to know whar they's a preacher, would you?"

"Why yes, that feller over there's a preacher." My great uncle pointed toward grandpa.

The young man's face lit up as he walked hastily to where grandpa sat.

"Preacher," he said, "My sweetheart and me wants to git married. Will you marry us?"

In the Indian Territory no marriage license was necessary, and common law unions were acceptable both by custom and by law. Grandpa wasn't a preacher, but he saw no harm in helping the young couple along, so he rose to his feet and replied:

"Why sure, I'll be glad to."

He joined the couple in the best ceremony he could think up and they went on their way to a newly acquired home, each of them bubbling with love and anticipation.

Grandpa told about this several times in later years, and he always said he thought he did the right thing, for they probably wouldn't have found a minister anyway. As it was they always felt that they had been properly joined. No doubt in the years to come they told their

many children how lucky they were to find a preacher who would marry them and give them his blessing, but wouldn't take a dime for his services.

* * *

The year 1900 came and with it a new type politician appeared in Arkansas.

Jeff Davis, the mountaineer who was serving as Attorney General, had, while still in that office, declared himself to be against the "big trust" and a friend of the "one gallus farmer." When in 1900 he made the race for the office of Governor, he centered his attack on the "high collared" gang around Little Rock, holding himself out as the last hope for the "man at the forks of the creek."

In the primaries that followed he carried seventy-four of the state's seventy-five counties. He had thus established an unbeatable political front, by setting the poor against the rich. He successfully branded all who opposed him as money grabbers and leaches. For his supporters he had coined the euphonic phrase, "suntanned, horney-handed sons of toil."

The poor mountaineers and the sharecroppers saw in him a hope for government in which their welfare would be paramount, and they flocked to him by the thousands. They remained loyal to him through three terms in the governor's chair, and then they sent him to the United States Senate to champion their cause. There this idol of the masses died while on the Senate floor crying his hatred for the trusts and his love for the one gallus farmers. Now that some fifty years have passed since the demise of Jeff Davis, history has measured the accomplishments of his administration and the general feeling is that it was one of the weakest in the annals of the state.

Then came the year 1901 with its bad and its good. That was the "dry year" in the Ozarks. All summer long from April till October no rains came, and the crops turned powder white in the fields as the hot winds caught up little swirls of dust and spiraled them through the brown pastures. The farmers stood in dejected huddles and cursed their misfortune. There was however, one bright spot on their otherwise dark horizon, for Harrison now had a railroad. In St. Louis a group of New York, St. Louis and Little Rock capitalists had organized a new company that had built the line from Eureka Springs into Harrison. This was not something that came by accident though, for Harrison business men had given forty thousand dollars toward the project. Also all along the line farmers had donated the right-of-way. All the people in the county had dreamed of this day, ever since the railroad came to Eureka Springs twenty years before. Now two shining threads of steel winding through the hills stood as a symbol of hope.

When the railroad line, which was then called the St. Louis and North Arkansas reached Harrison at 9:15 on the morning of March 22, 1901 the people swarmed down to the end of the line to see the first train come in. The band played and local notables together with railroad officials spoke. Farmers crowded in close, craning their necks at the black, steaming monster, and their womenfolk stood a little further back with babies in their arms and children clinging to their skirts.

This was one of Harrison's greatest days, and the people were enthralled by the promises that they would someday be a great and prosperous city. Then the program was over, and the engineer leaned from the cab window and shouted:

"Give us room down there—We've got to turn around!"

There was a mad scramble as men, women and children rushed away from the tracks.

The following year the railroad was built on south to Leslie. Still the line "began nowhere and ended nowhere," so it leased trackage from Seligman to Joplin and built the line from Leslie on to Helena. Then the name "Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad" was adopted.

Shortly after the railroad line passed through Harrison, some began to talk of further indications that the town was to experience a continuing boom. It was rumored that soon a new Post Office and Federal Court House would be built. A Federal Court Division had already been created in Harrison on March 18, 1902. Most people were skeptical of the new building though, for they could not believe that the Federal Government would spend thousands of dollars on a large expensive structure in the hills of Arkansas. However, these skeptics had underestimated the influence of two mountaineers who were serving the state in Washington. These men were Senator James H. Berry and Representative Hugh A. Densmore. Soon a joint announcement came from their offices that the project had been approved. The political opponents of both men cried out against "pork barrel" legislation, and ironically both were defeated in the next primary. Densmore went down before J. C. Floyd of Marion County and Senator Berry suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of Arkansas' "one gallus" Jeff.

In June 1903 the Federal Government acquired a lot on the northeast corner of the square from W. P. Conely, and by August of that year construction had begun. In March 1906 the completed building was accepted by the government and the post office was moved

from leased quarters on the north side of the square into its permanent home. This move was made during the tenure of Albert B. Andrews, who served as Harrison Postmaster for ten years. The city officials at that time were James A. Flinn, Mayor and W. F. Mitchell, Recorder.

The building of the railroad and the Federal Building had brought in additional white laborers, and soon friction began to build up between them and the colored population. As the feeling grew deeper, isolated incidents of Negro men speaking disrespectfully to white women were talked about; then, when a white laundress gave birth to mulatto twins, people talked in hushed and angry tones. Finally a colored boy was arrested for the rape of a white woman. On trial he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Years before a mob had hung a Negro to a large oak tree on the bank of the Crooked Creek. The legal hanging that took place a short distance from the scene of this prior hanging served to recall all past infractions of the colored people. That evening little knots of people began to gather and curse the "damn Niggers" and make statements about what should be done to them. Unfortunately all were condemned for the infractions of a few, and soon a mob moved through the dark streets and alleys of the town. From house to house in the colored section they went—sometimes threatening, sometimes using the lash, always issuing the order that hereafter "no Nigger had better let the sun go down on 'em." Many Negroes left that very night and made their way on foot to Eureka Springs, Springfield or Fayetteville. Some of the older ones remained for a few days, hurt and dejected. They knew no other home. They and their parents had been brought here by their white people, and now they had no place to turn. Surely their white friends would find some way

for them to stay. Unfortunately there was little that the better class of white folk could do for them. The poor whites had found someone upon whom they could vent their suppressed hatreds. In a few days most of the older Negroes had moved on too, but a few families remained here as late as 1909. One old Negro woman, called Aunt Vine, but who insisted that her name was Alacta Caledonia Melvina Smith, remained with her white people, the James A. Wilsons, until her death in 1914. Aunt Vine often said that she was "the best niggah evah bawn, cuz all de rest was run off."

Since Aunt Vine died no colored people have made their homes in Harrison, and in spite of this inglorious chapter in our history some are wont to brag of our "all white" population.

I remember, as a lad, having seen Aunt Vine on a few occasions. She and the colored porters on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad were the only Negroes I had ever seen before I made my first trip to Little Rock at the age of eight. As a child I wondered many times why the whites ran the Negroes out of town. I could not understand then why one race of people had the right to do this to another. It is a greater cause of bewilderment to me now than it was then.

Only a few years ago I received a letter from one of Harrison's former colored citizens. The letter was from Watonga, Oklahoma, dated October 12, 1950, and was addressed to the Postmaster, Harrison, Arkansas. After I had read it I felt humble and penitent for the crime my race had committed against his.

I would like to give you his letter and his "Recollections" exactly as I received them:

"Dear Sir:

"It has been my desire to hear from someone in Harrison, Arkansas. Some time ago I had set down in

writing some of my recollections there in my early days, a copy of which is enclosed herein.

"I have heard that all of the colored residents were forced out of town some years ago over a criminal attack by a colored boy on a white girl in which the colored boy was lynched. [sic] I am curious to know whether there are any colored people now living in Harrison, Arkansas. I would appreciate hearing from you or any other person there in Harrison. If there are any of the people that I mentioned in the enclosed statement, I would be pleased to hear from them also and I would appreciate it if you would let them see this letter.

Very truly yours,

Signed S. P. Porter

* * *

RECOLLECTIONS OF S. P. PORTER OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN HARRISON, ARKANSAS.

I was born in Harrison, Arkansas, on January 10, 1875. I was named after Seef Parker who was the Sheriff of Harrison, Arkansas, for many years. My mother's name was Mary Porter who did housework for people in Harrison. I lived there the first seventeen years of my life. Today I live in Watonga, Oklahoma, where I have resided since 1906. I feel that I have done very well as an uneducated colored boy growing up in the first generation following the Civil War in this part of the nation. At present I own two business locations and eleven residential houses in Watonga and one quarter section of farm land northwest of Watonga. I am still in reasonably good health for my age and manage all of my property; besides I have no indebtedness and I have a few "scheckles" in the bank.

When I was a boy, the Courthouse was built on a

Square and the town surrounded it. The King Bank and the Postoffice were located on the north side of the Courthouse Square. On the east side of the Square was a grocery and dry goods store owned by W. H. Schwitzler. Next door was the hotel which was built by one of the Speer boys. I was the first porter who worked in that hotel and worked there for one or two years. South of the hotel was a two story building which was an open saloon, next door was a small restaurant operated by a foreigner, next building was Dr. Kirby, next was a Bank of Morris Garvin's who married one of George Crump's daughters. Next door south was Joe Baker's father, next was Bob Rush who lived across the street from Rush Springs. The Bower Brothers had a wagon and buggy shop west of there.

George Crump was one of the biggest lawyers there. W. H. Schwitzler lived two or three miles west of town on a big ranch. West of him was a man from Kentucky, a rather old fellow. I also knew Gil Hopper and his brother Town Hopper. They both had plenty of money. Gil Hopper lived three miles north of town on a big ranch. He raised and bought many head of cattle. I worked for him for a period of several years following a walking plow for 50 cents a day. Mr. Hopper had a tendency to drink a bit too much on occasion but was a great friend of the colored people and many times stayed at their homes when in town. Town Hopper had a large home, like a mansion in town. I also knew Dr. Vance who married one of George Crump's daughters.

I was in Harrison when one of the biggest painters from St. Louis fell out of the window of the Courthouse and broke his neck. I was there when there were lots of colored people there. Colored boys and white boys went swimming together just like anybody and when they came out we usually had our nickel and dime dice games.

I was there when the Fairgrounds were built and saw the first race held there. Right north of the Fairgrounds was the Cemetery. All of my folks are buried there. I would like to go down there and see if I could find their graves. I have been told that all colored people have been run out of Harrison. I would like to know if that is true at this time.

I was born and reared there and went to school in a little log schoolhouse. I wish it was so that there were colored people there now for I would give thousands of dollars to help them. I was there when Viney Morton lived west of the white schoolhouse. Years and years ago she came down the street preaching and singing to the white people. White people made fun of her and thought she was crazy. She would say, "See all those wagons, horses and buggies tied around the Courthouse, some of these days there will not be any of that. There will be horseless chariots running up and down these streets and there will be men flying in the air just like birds." (This was before there were any automobiles).

I was there when Capt. Fick was County Treasurer for years and years. I was also there when a fellow robbed the County Treasurer, son-in-law of Bob Rush. Jud Schwitzler had a farm right at the corner of town and the farm north of there lived an old man named Gossit. I knew both of them well.

I sure regret that there are no colored people living there, but I still think more of the State of Arkansas than I do of any State in the Union. If there are any colored people and they have a colored school. I would give at least \$25,000.00.

I left there in 1892 when I was seventeen years old and came to Oklahoma.

Signed: S P. Porter.

CHAPTER XIII

A LEGAL EXECUTION, AND A BENEVOLENT TOWN BOSS

In the year 1906 the Boone County Court House burned. The fire occurred on the night of July 4th, and many believed it to be of incendiary origin. This sort of thing was not new in the hill country, nor is it the last time such a thing has occurred. Almost invariably fires of this nature coincide with rumors of a shortage in some county officials accounts. In the case of the Boone County fire there were many stories floating around, but a great number of people believed that fireworks were responsible. Others said that a new device that had been exhibited there earlier in the evening was the cause. The new device was a screen attached to the side of the building upon which moving pictures were shown. At that time some felt that the fire resulted from this new-fangled phantasmagoria.

Many other things happened in 1906. There were political changes on the national, state and local levels. In Washington we had a new type of progressiveness under Theodore Roosevelt. He had given new life to the office of president by fostering a government that was truly serving the interests of all the people. Under him great conservation policies were begun and a forceful foreign policy was enunciated. In the administration of Teddy Roosevelt it was increasingly evident that our nation was becoming a great world power.

In this year the state government passed from the hands of Jeff Davis to Governor John S. Little, who, though he was Davis' selection for a successor, showed signs of embarking upon a constructive program. However, immediately after taking office, Governor Little

suffered a nervous breakdown and there then followed a series of acting governors until 1908, when George W. Donaghey, who was an outstanding Little Rock and Conway business man, received the nomination. In the following general election Harrison had the distinction of having two candidates for governor. The Republicans nominated Harrison's eminent attorney, John I. Worthington, and the Social Party nominated another of our well known citizens, J. Sam Jones. In the election which was held on September 14, Donaghey received 110,878 votes; Worthington 45,409; Jones 6,787.

On the local scene, Troy Pace was elected Mayor, S. N. Alexander was elected City Recorder, and one of this district's most outstanding jurists, B. B. Hudgins, was on the Circuit Judge's bench.

All in all this period was one of progress and growth. The total population of the county was now 16,396, and Harrison was maintaining its ratio of one-tenth the county population. The town now had in excess of 1600 inhabitants.

This was the era when our nation's most notable figures carried their ideas to the people by great cross-country speaking tours, and many of these notables visited Arkansas. On October 24, 1909 President William Howard Taft came to Little Rock and spoke to a large assembly at the Union Station. The following September, William Jennings Bryan spoke at the City Park there. Then on August 11, 1911 Dr. Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee Institute spoke before an audience of 2,000 whites and Negroes at Little Rock. In April of 1912 Theodore Roosevelt swung through Western Arkansas and culminated his visit with an address to an evening audience of 6,000 at Argenta. Just a few month's prior to this Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey had delivered a talk in Little Rock.

In the hill country two great leaders died in this period. On August 31, 1912 Captain W. F. Pace came to the end of his turbulent career at a private sanitarium in Eureka Springs. The following January former United States Senator James H. Berry, who had begun his long career of public service as judge of this judicial circuit, died at Bentonville. In the January 1913 term of the Boone Circuit Court a memorial service was held for these two illustrious former members.

The court records for the January 1913 term also tell the story of Boone County's last legal execution.

On January 3rd an indictment was returned against Odus Davidson for murder in the first degree. The undisputed facts which lead up to this indictment were as follows:

Davidson was a twenty-five year old farmer living in the White Oak community east of Harrison. He was the son of Cant Davidson, who was of a respected family in the community.

Ella Barham, age eighteen, lived some fifteen miles southeast of Harrison near the Killebrew Ford of Crooked Creek. The Barham family likewise was one of the oldest and most highly respected families in their neighborhood.

On the morning of November 21, 1912 the Barham girl went to a neighbor's house about 10 o'clock to have a dress fitted.

Odus Davidson was cutting wood in the vicinity of Killebrew Ford on that day, and the spot where he was working was near the route traveled by the Barham girl.

When the girl did not return in the afternoon, a searching party was organized in the neighborhood. Davidson joined the party in this search.

All day and into the night the party hunted through

the dark woodlands, and about midnight the body of the girl was found near an old mine shaft. The limbs had been severed from the torso, the head was crushed and the body was partially buried under a pile of rocks.

Davidson's conduct caused some to suspect him from the first hours after the crime was discovered; so the following day a warrant was issued for him. The officers together with a posse went to his house to make the arrest, and as they approached, Davidson tossed a pair of socks from a back window. The socks fell near a member of the posse, and upon examination they were found to be liberally sprinkled with red pepper. In the trial the prosecution contended that this was done to hamper the use of bloodhounds in the event an attempt was made to trail the killer.

Immediately following his arrest, Davidson was taken to the Carroll County jail at Berryville for safekeeping. In the trial, Judge Reed of Heber Springs presided and Gus Sewell assisted by Troy Pace prosecuted. In the beginning of the proceedings Davidson was represented by E. G. Mitchell and B. B. Hudgins; however, Hudgins later withdrew from the case. Mitchell made a spectacular fight for his client. Several times in the course of the trial he was called to task by the court for his conduct, and once he was fined twenty-five dollars for contempt, when he failed to desist from his harsh treatment of an unfavorable witness.

The trial lasted six days, from January 20th through January 25th. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Davidson was sentenced to be hung on March 21, 1913. Attorney Mitchell filed a motion for a new trial but the motion was denied.

Finally after some delays, Davidson paid the supreme penalty on August 11, 1913. The scaffold upon which he died was erected on the site of the present county jail.

Before his execution Davidson was fed his breakfast. After breakfast he was prepared for the execution. All these preparations took place in the southwest room on the main floor of the present county court house.

As the condemned man was led from the court house toward the enclosure where the scaffold was erected, a great crowd surged about Davidson and his escorts. When they approached the enclosure hundreds of people pushed and jostled each other for vantage points, so they might satiate their sadistic impulses by witnessing the gruesome spectacle.

On the scaffold Davidson protested his innocence; the hood was placed over his head and the rope adjusted; then Sheriff Jim Helm threw the trap and the condemned man plunged to his death.

I did not witness this hanging, for I was then only four years of age; but I can recall quite vividly the impression it made on me. I heard older boys tell of the affair, and I recall that one boy showed me what was purported to be a piece of the hangman's rope. Another confided in me that he had felt the executed man's broken neck after he was taken down.

Davidson was one of the first to be buried in the Maplewood Cemetery, and today his grave can be found in the northern portion of this cemetery just west of the potters field. On the simple stone that marks his final resting place is this inscription:

Here rest the ashes of
Odus Davidson
Born Jan. 22, 1883
His Life Taken
Aug. 11, 1913
By misrepresentations
Born of excitement

It was in this period of the early Nineteen Hundreds that Harrison grew from a town to a city. On February 24, 1910 it had been raised to a city of the second class. Then in 1911 the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad had passed into the hands of new management and it was decided to make Harrison the center of the line's operations. The small shops at Eureka Springs and Leslie were closed and modern shops and a round-house were built at Harrison. Also the general offices were moved here from Eureka Springs. In the space of some three years the population of Harrison jumped from 1600 to 3500.

In this period of Harrison's development it moved under the guidance of a benevolent, public-spirited leader. This man was "Uncle Flaxy" Gordon. In no sense could Uncle Flaxy be branded a political dictator, as was the last great leader in Harrison's history, Captain Fick. Gordon never ran for nor held political office, except city alderman and city water commissioner. He never sought to dictate on any issue, but he was a natural born leader. The Harrison Times for Dec. 10, 1910 accurately told the story of his civic endeavors in an editorial, from which I here quote:

"There is no citizen who ever lived in this place who has regularly contributed more toward our growth and development, for there has never been a question of improvement brought up but what he was one of those behind the movement to push it through."

Flaxy Gordon was an Iowian by birth, having been born in Iowa City on March 21, 1851. He was christened William Franklin Gordon, but because of his fair skin and flax colored hair he early acquired the nickname "Flaxy." He grew up in Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, then spent his young manhood in Missouri. In 1886 he moved to Harrison and bought some acreage near the end of

South Pine Street. There he built the home in which he lived until his death October 28, 1931. For several years after he came to Harrison he ran a bank and a store, but during his latter years he spent his time and efforts working for civic improvement. He gave liberally both of time and wealth to bring the railroad line from Eureka Springs to Harrison. Later he headed the list of contributors when the railroad was induced to move its shops here. Harrison's first water improvement district was created largely by his efforts, and then the fire department was converted from a hand propelled hose cart to a fire truck at his instigation.

Uncle Flaxy knew that the town could not grow unless it had adequate public utilities. To him a source of pure drinking water was the greatest civic problem. Harrison had made several attempts, in a small way, to create some sort of water system. In 1901 the City Council passed a water improvement district ordinance, then repealed the ordinance in 1902. Seven years later in 1909 they granted J. W. Freeman a franchise to build a water system on the condition that he supply the city adequate water for fire protection. Several small private systems were built throughout the city from time to time. Bob Fellows had a small plant on Woodland Heights; George O'Neal built a line from the Rush Spring to the old Midway Hotel and adjoining premises; C. L. Glines installed a private system for the Glines Addition. All this time Flaxy Gordon was working steadily for a city-wide system. His opportunity came in 1914 when Rush Spring, the Stifler Spring and the court house well were condemned. The City Council then created a water and sewer improvement district. The following year the water system was begun, and Gordon was appointed chairman of the board of water commissioners. He served in this capacity for the rest of his life.

Truly we might say, that where Captain Fick had fathered Harrison, Uncle Flaxy Gordon nurtured the village to civic maturity. By his patient guidance a backward hill town was made one of the leading cities of the Ozarks.

* * *

Our nation had now been at peace for some seventeen years, and even Boone Countians had begun to feel accustomed to a life sans turmoil and strife. About the only reminder of the past hectic eras was an occasional killing on dead man's corner and the company of National Guards that drilled on the city streets one night a week. This was Company M of the Second Arkansas Infantry, but the personnel were strictly peace time soldiers. To them war was something that occurred only in history books, and patriotic duty meant marching in the Fourth of July parade. The rumblings of an impending conflict in Europe seemed too remote to ever affect our nation. We had a new president, a Democrat, who had promised to keep us out of war. In 1912 Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, had defeated Progressive Republican Roosevelt and Republican Taft by a strong plurality of popular votes and an overwhelming electoral vote.

The new president was not unknown in Arkansas. He had spoken in Little Rock on at least one occasion, and here in Harrison he was a personal friend of one of our local citizens.

F. M. Garvin, who had come to Harrison from Evansville, Indiana was a classmate of President Wilson's at Princeton University. After the presidential election the alumni of Princeton gave a banquet in New York honoring their most famous graduate, and as a fellow member of the class of '79 Mr. Garvin attended. He was

called upon to give a toast to the President-elect, this he did in the following words:

“Not to Democracy’s fairest flower
Do we offer tribute tonight
Not to the ‘mighty Man of the Hour’
The Victor in the fight,
But we gladly give to a comrade and
Friend of ‘auld lang syne’
Three cheers and a Princeton Tiger,
For the ‘Boy’ of ’79.”

All too soon these years of peace ended, and there descended upon our tranquil scene, one day in 1916, clouds of conflict. As if to prepare us for the blood bath that was soon to follow, some incidents occurred along the Mexican border that caused the Arkansas National Guards to be called out. The Harrison company was among the units mobilized.

Down in Mexico a bandit chieftain named Dorotea Aranzo, who called himself Pancho Villa, had entered into a civil war with the forces of President Carranza. Finally in 1916 Villa began raiding across the border into United States territory, and on March 9th his cavalry attacked the town of Columbus, New Mexico, killing a number of citizens. President Wilson dispatched General John J. Pershing to pursue the bandit Villa, and immediately called out part of the National Guard to reinforce the Regular Army.

In the Harrison unit the officers at the time of mobilization were Captain Gordon Armitage, First Lieutenant Harry Newman and Second Lieutenant J. O. Michell. Some of the enlisted personnel were Claude Alexander, Henry Crandall, Allen Brown, Spinx Jones, Ernest Johnson, Boone Forney, Roy Forney, Art Hammerschmidt and Virgil Long.

One of the commanding officers of the Second Regiment was Colonel Fred Greene; however, Colonel Greene was rejected after mobilization because of physical disability. Several members of the local company suffered a like fate, and among those turned down were the two lieutenants. In their stead were appointed Claude Alexander and Henry Crandall as first and second lieutenants respectively.

Company M went to Deming, New Mexico, near the border, and there they remained from August 1916 until March 1917. Then they returned to Harrison and were recruited to full strength for service in World War I. They entered the service then as Battery B, 142nd Field Artillery. For a time before they left Harrison this second time they remained camped in the small park located where the City Hall and Legion Hut now stand.

It is with a feeling of deepest sentiment that I think of this period, for this is the era of my first recollections. I recall well the patriotic fervor I felt, as a small lad, when I stood on the south side of the square and saw Company M march by to entrain for the border. It was my first time to see soldiers leaving for the front. Before this my closest relation to war had been the Civil War stories my grandfather told me. Later Company M came back from the border, and I watched them drill on the streets before they left for Europe. My feeling then was one of longing—longing to awake some morning ten years older so I could drill with the soldiers and march away to military glories beyond the sea.

I have many other memories of these years just before World War I. I can remember the picnics we had on the "Fourth." There was fried chicken and lemonade, but to me the most tasty treat was the bucket of chili we always bought at Dad Carlton's Chili Stand. In the morning there would be a parade with horse drawn

floats, and in the afternoon the children saw the picture show as guests of L. H. Schweitser.

Next to the July 4th picnic I remember best the Hallowe'en pranks. That was the day of outdoor toilets, and only the ones that were bolted down or set in cement escaped being turned over or carried off. Usually one or two of the most dilapidated models made their way to the public square. Some other favorite stunts were to hang a buggy on top of a telephone pole, or put some prominent citizen's surry on top of a downtown building.

Sometimes now, I look at the modern stores with their roll-away awnings and broad cement walks in front; then I think of the high, narrow boardwalks covered with tin roofs that rattled in the rain storms. I can see again the deep mud-hole on the south side of the square—the one where some playful prankster put the fishing pole with the sign beside it that read "Gordon's Fish Pond."

It was contended by many of our leading citizens that the boys of that period were the meanest lot that the town had ever spawned. After each escapade the town oldsters wagged their heads and spoke in sanctimonious tones of our erring youth. But soon the scoldings turned to words of praise, for these same erring youths in a few short months became the heroes of Verdun and Chatteau-Thierry.

CHAPTER XIV

WAR IN EUROPE AND THE LAST OF THE OKLAHOMA BAD MEN

With the declaration of war on Germany, April 6, 1917, a surge of patriotism swept our nation. Though sentiment for the declaration of war was overwhelming, most people felt that they were not at war against the German people, but rather were opposing the Kaiser and Prussianism. Their feelings were expressed in President Wilson's statement: "The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace of an irresponsible government—The power is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people."

On April 7th it was announced by the President that authority for a \$6,000,000,000 bond issue would be requested. Then, following approval of the bond issue, a National Army to be filled by conscription was created; conservation of food supplies was undertaken; espionage and censorship bills were passed.

While all this was being accomplished on a national level, in Harrison, Battery B, which was already mobilized, was drilling daily. In a few weeks they were shipped out to Camp Beauregard, Louisiana for further training. There they were assigned to the 39th Division and sent to England, and later to France. The unit, though it arrived in Europe, did not reach the front before the war ended. However, many men from Battery B were assigned as replacements to the 1st and 2nd Divisions. Some of these replacements were in the bloodiest fighting of the war, including Verdun, Chatteau-Thierry, Soissons and the Argonne. Three of Boone County's present officials, Virgil Willis, Municipal Judge; Joe Dixon, County

Treasurer; and Bill Jones, Justice of the Peace, were among the men so assigned to combat units.

By September 1917 the first calls for the National Army went out and soon many more Boone County boys were moving into training camps. Eight men from the county were in the first call. These first to go were Claude Holt, L. L. Reeves, John T. Driver, Frank Boren, Heber Tate, M. J. Bleakley, James Roy Curtis and Roy R. Kirkwood.

While the draftees were being shipped out, Liberty Loan Rallys were held throughout the county. On October 26, 1917 a special train bearing officials from Little Rock came to Harrison and speeches were made at the depot urging the purchase of bonds. Later the schools and women's clubs had a patriotic parade, followed by stirring songs and patriotic orations. A photograph of the first group of Boone County draftees was unveiled in the rotunda of the Court House. Those who spoke on this occasion were Prof. Frank McAnear, Hon. R. S. Granger, Dr. L. Kirby and Rev. W. C. Mahr.

In this Liberty Loan Drive, and the ones that followed, the county committee pointed out to the people in dollars and cents what their bond purchases would do. For instance they were told:

"Every \$50.00 Liberty Bond will buy one rifle and 400 rounds of ammunition or 16 gas masks.

"Every \$100.00 Liberty Bond will buy two six inch shells."

"Every \$1,000.00 Liberty Bond will buy two machine guns.

"Every \$10,000.00 Liberty Bond will buy one six-inch gun."

In connection with one bond drive the army sent a baby tank to Harrison. This was to give the people some idea of the sort of things they were buying with their

Liberty Bond purchases. The tank was driven by an army sergeant, who put on quite an exhibition with the new mechanized weapon by charging up and down ditch banks and plowing through gravel bars. This furnished a great deal of entertainment for the school children and probably sold a few bonds.

Boone County's quota in the Liberty Loan was \$68,500, and the county made its quota.

There was a Red Cross campaign too, and Mrs. F. M. Garvin, who was chairman of the county soliciting committee, blanketed the county with attractive little hand bills that read:

“Wilson’s in the White House
Watching Here and There;
Baker’s sending men and ships
For land and sea and air:
Hoover’s in the kitchen
To tell us what to eat;
The Kaiser’s “on the rampage”
And kicking with both feet;
Our boys are in the trenches
Trying to win this war;
Now buy a Red Cross membership
And show us where You are!”

In addition to the drives for bond sales and Red Cross contributions, the women of the county knit woolen sweaters and mittens during the winter of 1917-1918.

There were many spy scares in those days. Stories of poisoned water supplies popped up rather regularly. In fact people became so spy conscious that any person with a guttural voice was looked upon with suspicion. I recall that some old fellow with a beard and a foreign accent came on the school grounds one day. He was quickly reported as a possible spy, and later we heard

that the same fellow was apprehended at Berryville and that he actually was a German agent.

When the first months of the war had passed the weight of our nation's armed might began to be felt by the Germans. By September we had 700,000 troops attacking at Saint Mihiel, and slowly but resolutely they pushed the Kaiser's forces back toward the German border. On November 9, 1918 the Kaiser abdicated and on November 11th an armistice was signed. The cessation of hostilities brought a wave of celebrations over the nation. There had been a premature announcement of the armistice a few hours before the agreement was really signed. This had caused a flurry of rejoicing, but when the people became convinced that the war was actually over, the whole nation went mad with happiness. Here in Harrison, all the whistles in town were blown, church bells were rung and guns fired. The Kaiser was hung in effigy. For hours pandemonium reigned, but there were a few—far too few, who went to their churches and said prayers of thankfulness.

To some Boone County families the end of the war came too late to spare them the hours of dark sorrow. Of the many young Boone Countians who marched away in the Autumn of 1917 and the Spring of 1918, nine gave their lives for their country. These men were: Roy Allen, Ernest House, Troy Matlock, R. L. Lafferty, James Wilburn, Otto C. Robinson, Douglas Jones, Eztra Pottenger and Doc Fenix.

The first of these men to die was Roy Allen, and it was in his honor that the Harrison Legion Post (Roy Allen Post No. 44) was later named. Roy was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Allen, who lived just northeast of Harrison in the Oak Grove community. He was twenty-three years old when he was killed in the Argonne Forest on October 3, 1918. At the time of his death

he was a member of Company K, 111th Infantry, 28th Division. The account of his death, as told by members of his company, is as follows:

"We went over the top that morning and were advancing under a rain of machine guns. The woods were a nest of machine guns, Roy was caught in the fire. One bullet went through his heart and he must have died instantly. That night we succeeded in getting him and others out, and Roy Allen was buried in the cemetery at the foot of the hill. Later Roy Allen was re-buried in Grave 163, Sect. 5, Plot 4, Cemetery No. 1232, Argonne American Cemetery."

The death of Roy Allen was felt deeply in my own family, for his mother and my mother were cousins, both being granddaughters of Elisha B. Rose, who has heretofore been mentioned as a federal registrar for the county during reconstruction days.

Though the Armistice brought peace to our nation, the end of the war, so far as Boone County and Harrison were concerned, only presaged one of the most turbulent periods in their history.

Within the next five years Harrison was destined to twice make the headlines of every newspaper in the nation. Once when America's last great bank bandit was killed here during an attempted robbery. The other time, when a mob, incensed by events arising out of a strike on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad, usurped the civil authority and settled the strike in their own way.

* * *

Shortly after 10:00 A. M. on Friday, February 18, 1921 Henry Starr and two other bandits walked into the Peoples National Bank on the southwest corner of the square in Harrison and brandishing their pistols, called out, "Hands up!"

A few minutes later Starr's career as a desperado came to an end as he fell to the bank floor mortally wounded at the hands of former bank president, W. J. Myers. Four days later Starr died, but extending back from the time of his death, over a period of thirty years, lay the career of the last of the notorious western bank robbers.

Henry Starr was a member of the Cherokee Indian tribe, having been born at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, December 2, 1873, the son of a half-breed father, George (Hop) Starr, and a quarter-breed mother, Mary Scott Starr. Henry's family was related, in some degree or other, to all the Starr families in the Cherokee Nation, and this clan included some of the best and some of the worst people in the Cherokee Tribe.

Henry was a rather typical Cherokee in appearance, being slender, straight, beardless and of average height. His hair and eyes were black and his skin as dark as a full-blood's. He carried himself proudly, but when he spoke his voice was even and soft. Like most all of the western outlaws, he sought to justify his life of crime by saying he was wrongfully arrested in his youth.

Starr was arrested first in June, 1891 for bringing whiskey into the Indian Territory. For this he paid a fine. His second arrest came in 1892 and was for horse stealing. Starr always contended he was not guilty of this crime. According to him the horse had only strayed into his pasture. However, this time Henry's cousin, Kale Starr together with Chief Harris made bond for him. Starr jumped bond and became a fugitive, during which time he began his life of banditry. Among his first robberies was the express office at Nowata, Indian Territory and this put Detective Dickey and Deputy Marshal Floyd Wilson on his trail. Wilson attempted to arrest Starr near Nowata and there followed a gun battle in which Wilson

was killed. After this Starr escaped and in rapid succession came a series of robberies committed by him and his gang. First they robbed the bank at Caney, Kansas on March 25, 1893. A month and a half later they held up the Katy passenger train at Pryor, Oklahoma. Then on June 6th they rode into Bentonville, Arkansas and relieved the bank there of \$11,500. Henry, his recently acquired bride, and his closest associate, "Kid" Wilson, then started west. They made it to Colorado, but while they were on the streets of Colorado Springs a resident of Fort Smith happened to recognize them. This party notified the police, and the two outlaws were arrested and returned to Fort Smith. There Starr was tried before Judge Parker for the murder of Deputy Marshal Floyd Wilson, and upon conviction he was sentenced to die. Starr's attorneys took a writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States and obtained a new trial. In the second trial Starr was again convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to die, but again a writ of error was taken to the Supreme Court and another trial granted. This time Henry plead guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Pending his murder case, he had been convicted of three robberies and sentenced to ten years, giving him a total of fifteen years to serve.

It was while Starr was in the jail in Fort Smith awaiting the outcome of his appeals that he featured in the Cherokee Bill shooting incident. Starr's part in persuading the other Cherokee to give up his gun, together with the fact that Starr was always a model prisoner, caused President Theodore Roosevelt to grant him full pardon after eight years of the fifteen had been served.

When he was released from prison Starr returned to Oklahoma and sat as a guest of honor at the inaugu-

ration ceremony of the state's first governor, Charles N. Haskell. One of Haskell's first duties as Governor was to receive a request for the extradition of Henry Starr for the robbery of the Bentonville, Arkansas bank. While Haskell was pondering the extradition papers, Starr left Oklahoma, joined his old partner-in-crime, Kid Wilson, and they robbed the bank at Amity, Colorado. For this Starr was sentenced to twenty-five years in the Colorado prison, but here again he was a model prisoner and received a parole at the end of four years. This was in 1909, and for the next six years he dropped from the scene. During this period he lived in Tulsa under the name R. L. Williams. It was learned later that he planned several bank robberies during these years of his Tulsa residence.

On March 27, 1915 Starr and several accomplices robbed two banks in Stroud, Oklahoma, and this almost proved his undoing, for he was severely wounded in the leg by a fifteen year old boy. The boy shot Starr with a twenty-two calibre rifle, and the bandit fell to the street with one leg shattered. He permitted himself to be captured by the youngster, though Starr always contended he could have killed the lad had he chosen to do so. Henry Starr was again sentenced to twenty-five years, and again served only four years of his sentence.

He came from the penitentiary in 1919 with the avowed purpose of going straight, and, as if to carry out his intention, he entered into a contract with a moving picture company to make a film story of his life. The title of the picture was "The Debtor to the Law." Within a year he had married one of the young actresses in the show and all things seemed to indicate that he would follow the examples of Al Jennings, Emmet Dalton, Frank James and Cole Younger, and turn his back on

a life of crime. By strange coincidence the banks at Chandler and Davenport, Oklahoma were robbed while the film company was in those towns shooting scenes for "The Debtor to the Law." So sure was everyone that Starr had reformed that he was not even questioned as a suspect.

These events happened in 1920, then one morning in February 1921 Starr announced to his wife that he had a business trip to make. Since such trips were quite common, Mrs. Starr gave little thought to his leaving.

A few days later Starr with three companions approached Harrison in a car they had stolen at Claremore, Oklahoma. They drove into town, then slowly they made their way around the square and drove back out of town again. For a day or two they remained in the vicinity. Then came February 18th, the day set for them to carry out their plan. It was a cold gray day. Just a few minutes after 10:00 in the morning a car drove up beside the Peoples National Bank, headed south toward the Crooked Creek Bridge. Three men climbed out with an air of confidence, for everything had been carefully planned. They had even taken the time for such minor details as cutting the telephone wires on each side of town. The fourth occupant of the car remained in the drivers seat with the motor running, while the other three walked quickly into the bank.

Inside, the cashier, Cleve Coffman, was at the front window and Marvin Wagley, assistant cashier, was at the rear window. Two women clerks, Edith Thistlewait, (now Mrs. Van Wagley) and Naomi Moore (now Mrs. Fred Stewart) were working inside the cage. W. J. Myers, former president, was sitting at a table in the rear of the bank, and A. E. Davis was talking to an insurance man in the directors room. Miss Ruth Wilson, who was then bookkeeper for the Harrison Grocer Com-

pany was making a deposit. Calmly the three men approached the bank cage, then in a clear voice one of them spoke: "Hands up." All hands went up as those present looked into the barrels of forty-five calibre pistols. Quickly, everyone was herded behind the cage, then the leader asked for the cashier. Coffman responded, and Starr ordered him to open the safe. With the safe opened the outlaw began scooping up the currency. About this time a patron, Bug Eagle, entered the bank, and he did not readily comply with the bandit's orders to put up his hands. The two outlaws who were guarding those present turned toward this stubborn patron, and as they did so this left the group standing before the vault door unguarded. Sensing his opportunity, W. J. Myers quickly stepped backward into the vault. Inside was an old style thirty-eight calibre Winchester, that had been placed there for just such an eventuality. Quietly, Myers took this gun down from its rack, and raising it to his shoulder, calmly waited for the proper moment to fire. At this juncture Starr was squatting before the vault, reaching inside with his right hand and holding his pistol in his left hand. Slowly Myers drew a bead on a spot just above Starr's hips, picking the location of the kidneys and the spinal column. There was an ear-splitting roar as the heavy calibre rifle went off in the steel vault, and Starr slumped to the floor. Instantly the other two robbers leveled their guns on Coffman, but Starr saw the futility of his situation and from his fallen position called out his order:

"Get out of here, boys! I'm done for."

The two bandits, in compliance with the order, made for the front. One of them seized Ruth Wilson as a shield as he half backed, half ran toward the door. Jumping into the waiting car they dashed for the bridge, and even as they fled Myers and Wagley ran after them, Myers firing

with his rifle. Soon an armed posse, in cars, was in hot pursuit. Two miles out of town they came upon the bandit's burning car, blocking the highway. The occupants had escaped into the nearby woods. Later the three were apprehended and sentenced to the penitentiary for their part in the robbery. Starr was carried to the jail and local doctors removed the rifle ball from his body. He lingered for four days, then lapsed into unconsciousness and died. His wife, his former wife, his son, and his aged mother arrived while he was still conscious, and remained at his bedside until his death. Starr showed no bitterness toward the man who fatally wounded him. Of Mr. Myers he said: "I do not blame him at all. He was at one end of the game and I was at the other and he won." The dying desperado asked to see the cashier; and Coffman, when he came, was told that he owed his life to Starr. He then told Cashier Coffman that it was his desire that Coffman have the desperado's gun. Before he died, the last of the Oklahoma bandits told his son: "Don't gamble and go straight, son." Starr's last conscious words were whispered to his sorrowing mother: "Mother, I am satisfied to die. I have made my peace with God."

The Starr robbery and death served to temporarily take the minds of Harrison's citizens off another great tragedy that was taking form. Even as Henry Starr was dying, a strike was brewing on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad—a strike that was destined to have a greater effect on this community than anything that had happened since the days of reconstruction.

CHAPTER XV

HARRISON'S SECOND RIOT

Harrison and Boone County had paid a tremendous price for a railroad. In 1901 more than \$40,000 had been given as an inducement to bring the line down from Eureka Springs. Twelve years later these same people raised \$26,000 to help defray the expense of constructing the railroad shops here. Farmers all along the line had donated the right-of-way. The neighboring towns of Berryville, Green Forest, Marshall, Leslie and Heber Springs had also made substantial contributions toward the building of the line into their towns. To all these people between Eureka Springs on the north and Heber Springs on the south, the completion of the Missouri and Arkansas Railroad came as the fruition of their dreams for a more abundant life. But in this case, as so often happens, the thing for which the great price had been paid fell far short of expectations, once it had been attained.

The railroad, from the beginning, did not pay; so by 1905 it had been placed under receivership. In the next few years the line was extended from Seligman to Joplin on the north, and from Heber Springs to Helena on the south. By 1909 through freight service over the line was inaugurated. Then the name was changed to "Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad." Hopes now began to rise for the future of the line, for it was seen as the shortest route between the Kansas City gateway and the Gulf. So hopeful did the owners become that they hired a seasoned, experienced railroad man, E. M. Wise, to become general manager. Wise assumed management in 1911 and immediately began adopting big line policies. He inaugurated sleeping car service and put on a through

"red ball" freight train. Business began to pick up for the once sleepy mountain railroad; then one day in a few seconds time the entire future of the road was thrown into jeopardy.

In the early morning hours of August 5, 1914 the M & N A's south-bound motor car and the K C S's passenger train collided at Tipton Ford siding between Joplin and Neosho, Missouri. The bursting of the gasoline tank on the motor car set fire to the wreckage and all occupants who were not thrown clear or could not jump were incinerated. The death list included forty-three people and many more were injured. The responsibility for the wreck was shared by the two railroads and the financial drain of this catastrophe was more than the M & N A could stand.

Two years later Wise resigned as manager and C. A. Phelan was chosen in his place. Phelan attempted to carry out a program of retrenchment, and actually made considerable headway toward getting the line on its feet. However, this program of reduced expenditures met opposition from some of the crafts and in 1918 the shopmen went out on strike. This time the Federal Government was induced to take over the line as a war time measure. During the period of government control, standard wages were paid, but the line operated at a net loss of \$875,121.62.

On March 1, 1920 the road was turned back to its corporate owners by the government and the management made application for an advance in freight and passenger rates. Both advances were approved. Still the owners of the railroad contended that they were operating at a great financial loss, and to further reduce this loss they ordered, through the receiver, a twenty-five per cent reduction in all employees' wages. The United States Labor Board recommended that the em-

ployees accept the reduction under protest, pending further negotiations. This order by the Labor Board was issued February 21, 1921. Already, on February 1st, the shopmen had struck in protest against the wage cut, and on February 26th all train and enginemen, station employees, telegraphers, maintenance of way employees and dispatchers joined in the strike.

In this strike, as in the case of all labor disputes, there were three sides to the controversy. The contention of management was that the road was losing money, hence must either operate on a sub-standard wage or close down. There was the feeling among the laborers that business with the line was not as bad as management contended, and even if it were, that any industry that could not pay a standard, living wage was not entitled to continued existence. The attitude of the general public was that the railroad must be preserved and operated at all cost. The business men and farmers who had paid so much in dollars and efforts to bring the M & N A into the county felt that it was the duty of both management and labor to make every sacrifice to continue the road's existence.

With these three economic concepts well entrenched in the minds of the groups concerned, it became evident from the first that a solution would be difficult.

To begin with, the great majority of those who belonged to neither management nor labor leaned decidedly in favor of the men who were out on strike. This fact is readily understandable in light of the fact that ninety per cent of the strikers were native sons, whereas those associated with management were, in the main, experts who had been brought in from other railroads. The vast majority of the laborers owned their homes or were in the process of purchasing them. They were active in church work and sixty-five per cent of them were mem-

bers of the local Masonic lodge. Their womenfolk were some of the best ladies of the town, and their children attended the young peoples organizations of the various churches, were active in the scout movements, and were well-liked by the other children of the town. Of these things I can speak from personal knowledge, for most of my own playmates were the sons and daughters of these men who went out on strike. Almost daily I visited and played at some of their homes and never have I known more friendly, kind-hearted people.

Shortly after the strike was called, an open shop plan was inaugurated. It was naturally met with strong opposition by the strikers. At first picketing was relied upon as a chief weapon by the union men, but this was soon prohibited by an injunction. However, the injunction did not keep the strike breakers from being threatened and assaulted when off the job, so the railroad set up temporary sleeping quarters for these non-union men on the company property. Later, as these workers started venturing out in town, taunts of "scab" and "scaley" were hurled at them. All of this served to build up a deep-seated bitterness and hatred, often between neighbors and relatives. This antagonism was destined to continue for many years.

It was not long after the strike commenced before depredations began occurring on the railroad property. Then an organization was set up in Harrison under the name of Protective League, and this body began the job of patrolling the railroad to prevent further damage and destruction. Management contended that the strikers were responsible for the acts of vandalism, but the strikers replied that management was having the acts committed in order to put the union men in an unfavorable light with the public.

On July 28, 1921 J. C. Murray, Receiver and Gen-

eral Manager for the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad, announced, that effective July 31st, the railroad would discontinue operation. This statement was met with feeling of mixed emotions by citizens up and down the line, but in Harrison the sentiment of many was best expressed by a story carried in a local paper on August 4, 1921.

"Yes, the M & N A has closed down and let us hope and pray that it may be nailed down securely forever unless it can come back with peace and certainty.

"The strife, turmoil and bitterness incident to the six month's strike have become so exasperating that notwithstanding the millions of losses sustained by the people along this railroad in case the railroad is never resurrected, many are actually breathing a sigh of relief."

Prior to the closing down of the railroad the town had already witnessed a bit of violence by an enraged citizenry. A large group of citizens had assembled before the old Midway Hotel, where the union officials, who came here to direct the strike's efforts, were staying; there spokesmen for the group had ordered the union leaders to leave town. The order was obeyed.

By the time the railroad closed down on July 31, 1921 public sentiment had swung rather heavily against the strikers, but the majority of the Harrison people would still have preferred to avoid a crisis if at all possible. Many would have been glad to call the whole thing quits when the M & N A sung the first bar of its swan song in 1921. There were others however, to whom the loss of a railroad meant nothing short of economic death. This latter group sought outside capital to take over the defunct line. As a step toward the resumption of operations, Federal Judge Jacob Trieber ordered Receiver J. C. Murray to sell the property to the highest bidder. On April 10, 1922 the property was put on the

block and sold to a group represented by Charles Gilbert of St. Louis, for the sum of \$3,000,000. The purchase was made with funds loaned by the Federal Government. On May 1, 1922 the line resumed operations, and the striking employees were offered their jobs back at a wage twenty-five per cent below the standard scale. This offer was refused by the various crafts involved, and again operations were begun on an open shop basis.

Operations had hardly gotten under way before the old trouble started anew. A bridge was burned near Beaver, a steel slash bar was placed across the tracks at the Speer crossing two and a half miles west of Harrison, the railroad track was soaped on the Seligman Hill. Many other bridges were burned, rosin and blue vitrol were found in several boilers and emery dust was discovered in engine cylinders. There followed then a long list of such depredations, committed almost nightly and at widely scattered points up and down the length of the line. Still the strikers protested their innocence of these crimes.

On July 2, 1922 Reverend Bradley of the First Presbyterian Church in Harrison preached a sermon on Americanism. In this sermon he condemned the acts of wanton vandalism on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad. He blamed the foreign leadership of the unions for the steps aimed at the destruction of the railroad. Two days later, on July 4th, the Methodist minister, Reverend W. T. Martin, pled for the right of every American citizen to work without interference from pressure groups.

Still the strike continued and still depredations continued. The whole state was now becoming concerned with Boone County's labor war, and Governor McRae offered a reward for the apprehension and conviction of anyone committing depredations to the railroad's property. After this offer of reward guards were doubled,

and in a few days some strikers were arrested for bridge burning. The men who were apprehended were V. D. (Red) Orr, Luther Wise, Albert Stevens, O. M. Prichard and George Welcher. Of these men named, Orr, Wise and Stevens lived in Harrison. Orr and Wise were committed to jail, but Stevens succeeded in making bond. One of Harrison's leading business men, George O'Neal, who owned and operated the Midway Hotel, signed Stevens bond. This act on O'Neal's part brought him considerable grief a few days later.

By this time citizens in Harrison and in towns up and down the line had become thoroughly incensed, and it was evident that a showdown was near at hand.

The showdown came at 12:30 P. M. on January 14, 1923. At this hour a special train pulled in at the Harrison depot from the south carrying some four hundred armed men. Dozens of automobiles, loaded with equally determined men, who likewise were armed, had already arrived from the north. These together with Harrison men were guarding every road leading into the town.

One of the main objectives of this gathering was to take the union leaders into custody and force them to either renounce the strike, or in the event they refused, make them leave town. The man whom the group most sought was J. T. (Pete) Venable, Secretary of the Railway Conductors. Venable was the recognized leader among the local strikers, and he had acted as a liaison between them and their national officers. One of the other leaders that was high on the black list was Jim Queen, who was Chairman of the Railway Conductors. Queen was apprehended on Sunday night, but luckily for him, he had two Masonic brethren in the group that took him prisoner, and they prevailed upon the others to let him escape.

The strikers were not caught completely unawares,

for the incident involving Jim Queen, together with other similar occurrences, were sufficient to give them warning of things to come. Many heeded the warning and took out across the fields on Sunday night for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, where they flagged a train and rode into Missouri and safety.

When the "citizens group" arrived in Harrison on January 14th, one of their first acts was to set up a Committee of Twelve to direct the activities of their "meeting." This committee was composed of Sam Dennis of Valley Springs; L. C. Holt, Harrison; Dr. Troy Coffman, Harrison; Tom Morris, Berryville; George Bazzore, Berryville; W. J. Douglass, Berryville; J. F. Henley, Marshall; S. W. Woods, Marshall; W. T. Mills, Marshall; A. B. Arbaugh, Jasper; L. W. Clark, Jasper; and Wilburn Moore, Jasper.

As the committee was being formed, squad leaders were called from the crowd; squads were selected and a systematic check of the homes of the various strikers and strike sympathizers was begun. These homes were searched for arms, implements of sabotage, and union literature. The strikers themselves were brought before the committee of twelve and required to make promises that they would give up the strike. In the event they refused they were told that it would be necessary for them to leave town. Most submitted without incident, but a few did resist.

At first the union men had determined to make a stand and fight it out, but when they realized how badly they were outnumbered, this idea was completely abandoned. I recall, on the Monday morning before the train arrived from the south, there was considerable discussion among the school children about the mob coming. The boys in school whose fathers were strikers told me that the union men were "getting their guns limbered

up for a fight." That afternoon and the next morning these same boys came back to school with frightened looks on their faces. I could see mirrored there the fear and bitterness that was felt in their homes. Their attitudes toward the rest of the children had completely changed, and now they avoided us as though we were strangers.

At the time this mass meeting of indignant citizens occurred my family lived only two blocks from the northeast corner of the square. This corner of the square was the one on which the group set up headquarters. The committee took over the Rotary Hall, which was then upstairs in the buildings now occupied by Bennett's Drug Store and Wagner's Cafe. The main body of the men built up a camp fire in the center of the street between the Post Office and the Court Park. There they brewed coffee (furnished free by a leading coffee company) and waited for orders to go bring in more strikers. I spent a great deal of time witnessing the activities of this citizens group. Many strikers were brought in while I watched, and in a few cases stubborn ones were given some persuasive boots in their behinds. I specifically recall seeing one man argue a little too much to suit his captors, and for his recalcitrant attitude he was mauled on the head with a pistol. In the main though, the whole affair started out to be a model of orderliness, so far as mobs go. Unfortunately however, hot-heads soon got out of control, and some very serious acts of mob violence did occur within the next few hours. Before the mob's activities were ended two men were lashed, the Union Lodge Hall was pillaged and one man was killed by hanging. The nature of these acts of mob violence were as follows:

Al Raash was night watchman, and he was known to be sympathetic to the union men. He had been severely

criticized by some because he was still a German subject even though he had been in the United States for several years—this especially because of our recent war with Germany. The mob singled him out as one that should feel the sting of the lash.

In addition to Raash, the mob also whipped George O'Neal, who had been a prominent business man in Harrison for several years. Just before the advent of the mob O'Neal had been proprietor of the Midway Hotel. To begin with he had aligned himself with the Protective League, but he had never been active in the work of this organization. Then, when the citizens committee "waited on" the union leaders at the Midway Hotel a few weeks before the mob came, O'Neal disapproved of the tactics used and refused to have anything further to do with the league's activities. This gave many the impression that he had become pro-striker. When Albert Stevens was arrested for bridge burning O'Neal signed his bail bond. To the mob this all meant that George O'Neal was against them, so he was singled out for punishment.

Early on the morning of the second day a squad went to O'Neal's house and took him outside still clad in his sleeping apparel. He protested the right of the group to summarily haul him before the committee, and this gave them the opportunity they were seeking. There before the eyes of his wife and two sons they proceeded to administer the lash to him. During this whipping the one who administered the lash most cruelly was one who held himself out to be a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We should say here, however, that this so called minister hailed from another town.

Sometime during the night, or before dawn Tuesday, members of the mob broke into the Union Lodge Hall, and there committed acts of pure vandalism. The

official records and correspondence were scattered about on the floor and into the street. The mob then carried the furniture into the street, and part of it was used to keep the bonfire going.

These incidents were all regrettable and certainly unjustified, but the most serious act of mob violence was the hanging of Ed C. Gregor. This deed cast a shadow over the town and county that we have only recently begun to erase.

Ed Gregor was a boiler-maker by trade. His home for several years had been at 214 West Ridge Avenue in Harrison. He had come to this city from Arlberg, Arkansas sometime after 1911 and had gone to work for the railroad. When the strike occurred in February 1921, Gregor, along with all the others in his craft, walked off the job. He did not remain in Harrison but sought work elsewhere, and before long he obtained steady employment on the construction of Powersite Dam near Forsythe, Missouri. During his employment in Missouri, Gregor made regular visits to Harrison to see his wife and small daughter, Bonnie Belle. There were two other members of the family who resided away from Harrison, a married daughter, Violet, who lived at Edwardsville, Illinois, and a son, Orville, who was a cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

It chanced that Ed Gregor came to Harrison on the week-end before the mob arrived. According to information taken from Mrs. Gregor's affidavit, Gregor intended to stay over for a few days and do some plumbing work for Minicus Bakery. Mrs. Gregor further said that Ed Gregor had plenty of warning that the mob was coming, and he could have left town had he chosen to do so. Gregor did not feel that he had any reason to run away, then too, he was a stubborn man that did not like to be pushed around. His stubborn nature coupled with a high

temper contributed to his death.

On Monday afternoon, shortly after the train bearing armed men arrived, a squad of some forty men went to the Gregor home to search it and to take Ed before the citizens committee. Gregor and Bonnie Belle were home alone, his wife having gone to town to watch the mob activities. Mrs. Gregor stated in her affidavit that she was standing in the Post Office lobby when she heard shots from the direction of her home. The Harrison Times for January 14, 1923 had the following statement as to what took place at Gregor's house on that date:

"E. C. Gregor furnished some excitement when the committee who waited on him to escort him before the citizens committee, received the men with a shot from his gun and the men replied with a round of shots. Mr. Gregor got out of sight before anyone could hit him. One of the boys on the other side of the house from the men who returned the fire of Gregor received a flesh wound in the arm."

When she heard the shooting Mrs. Gregor hurried home and gained entrance through a rear door. Members of the mob tried to follow her in, but she refused to admit them. Only when Deputy Sheriff J. S. Johnson arrived and assured the Gregors that Ed would be protected did they open the house to the intruders. Mrs. Gregor persuaded her husband to give up his gun and go before the committee. It is alleged that Gregor did not cooperate when he was before the committee for interrogation. At any rate he was placed in a room called the "bull pen," along with several other strikers who were being held for further committee action.

Twice during the night Gregor called his wife to assure her that he was safe. After these calls and sometime during the hours just before dawn he was taken out of the "bull pen" and hanged. No eye-witness ac-

count of this hanging has ever been made public. Probably it never will, for no serious effort was ever made to bring the murderers to justice. The most vivid description of what took place is contained in a book entitled "The Harrison Riot," written by Rev. J. K. Farris, a Methodist Minister. Rev. Farris tells in a graphic manner of seeing Gregor's lifeless body being prepared for embalming by the undertaker, then he continued his account in the following words:

"I noticed whoever put the rope around his neck did not know how to make what is called a "hangman's knot," and as a result the noose had slipped well above the chin and burned marks upon his face. After his hands were tied behind his back he must have struggled with great force to free himself, for similar marks were upon his wrists. I do not believe his neck was broken, but death came from strangulation.

"In the gray of the morning—about five o'clock, I was told—eight men in two automobiles drove up before the courthouse where Gregor was confined. One was a large car with five men in it, the other a Ford with three men. Unfortunately the sheriff had gone to the jail with other prisoners when the mob came after Mr. Gregor, and he was not present to help. These eight men wore masks, and, overpowering the lone prisoner, they rushed him in an automobile to the scene of his death."

Thus Ed Gregor was hanged to the railroad bridge at the east edge of Harrison, and thus the strike was broken. Following this the strikers and their families left—most of them never to return. All the union leaders had eluded the mob, and the penalty for such wrong as they had done was paid by one least guilty of all.

The railroad was now an open shop line in a town that was bitterly anti-union, and even these facts did not bring an end to its troubles. Even the sacrifice of

blood-letting was not sufficient to serve as an expiation for the evils that beset the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad. There were more disputes and more shut-downs to follow, and finally the line was to be virtually abandoned because of another strike. Ironically, the strike, which came in 1946 and terminated all operations south of Harrison, was called by some of the same men who twenty-three years before had helped to break a strike.

CHAPTER XVI

GROWING PAINS

Came the Spring of 1923 and Harrison settled down into an uneasy peace. There was still a tenseness in the minds of the people as a result of the ordeal through which they had passed. Then in July, some six months after the "Battle of Crooked Creek Run," the people of the town again threatened to take the law into their own hands. This time however, under very different circumstances from the ones that incited the January mob.

In July a high-jacker named Eulos Sullivan was apprehended after he had attempted to rob a family that was camped at the City Park. Sullivan was lodged in the County Jail to await trial. The officers did not realize how desperate a criminal they had in custody, and for that reason did not keep him under constant surveillance. As a result Sullivan improvised a hacksaw and in a few days he had sawed out sufficient bars to open a way of escape. Just two doors from the jail on West Central Avenue was a feed store operated by Walter Casey, who was a deputy sheriff. As Sullivan crawled onto the jail roof and jumped to the ground Casey saw him, and grabbing his gun he ran after the fleeing outlaw. Sullivan darted across the creek and hid among some houses on Woodland Heights, with Casey hot on his heels. The desperado crawled under a house and the deputy went after him, forcing him to surrender. Sullivan was returned to the jail, and it was there that he grabbed Casey's pistol and shot Casey to death. The outlaw then attempted to shoot his way out of jail, but when the hammer of the gun fell on an empty shell he threw is down and begged for mercy.

Word of the murder of Deputy Sheriff Casey spread

rapidly over town and a crowd gathered about the jail. Casey was generally liked and respected in the community, and soon little sparks of information dropped here and there in the crowd had been fanned into a roaring holocaust of hatred. In the matter of a few minutes the crowd that came through curiosity became a howling mob crying for blood. From nowhere ropes began appearing in the mob, and people began shouting: "String him up! Hang him and save the county the expense."

Court happened to be in session at the time, and word was taken to Judge Shinn, who was then on the bench, that a mob was about to take the prisoner out and lynch him. The judge recessed court and came down to the jail. He made a strong appeal for law and order and climaxed his plea with a promise that a speedy trial would be had. Soon the mob had dispersed, and in accordance with his promise the judge held as speedy a trial as was possible. Sullivan was found guilty of first degree murder and was sentenced to death in the electric chair. Though this sentence was never carried out, Sullivan did die at the hands of the law. Before his death he escaped twice; once while on his way to the penitentiary; again while in the death house awaiting execution. Following the last escape he was shot to death by a posse that attempted to re-capture him.

* * *

The year 1923 passed and 1924 ushered in an era of civic improvement for Boone County and Harrison.

On July 7, 1924 Harrison created its first street improvement district. This district was for the purpose of paving the streets in the business section. The work was barely completed before other districts were being formed. In 1926 and 1927 West Erie, West Ridge, West Bower, North Pine, North Spring, North Willow and South Pine were paved.

In addition to the street improvement a sewer system was built in the business section of the town during the same years.

It was at this same time that Harrison began the fight to acquire the local light and power plant. The city had built its water system as a municipal project, and the water system had been very profitable; therefore, it was only natural that the city administration should look upon the production and sale of electricity as an even more lucrative source of income. The opening shot in a long battle was fired in 1926 when the council challenged the fairness of the rates charged by the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company. A public hearing was called to discuss the matter of municipal ownership. After the meeting the City Council passed an ordinance setting up a new rate for the city. The power company filed suit in the courts testing the fairness of the new rate. Then in 1929 Mayor Robert B. Gaston requested authority from the City Council to hire an engineer to make a preliminary survey for the purpose of determining the feasibility of constructing a municipal power plant. The city records do not reflect that any further action was taken toward municipal ownership until some three years later. By that time the city government had passed into the hands of Rex Worthington, and it was during his administration that the fight between proponents of city ownership and the power company reached a climax.

Worthington was a strong advocate of public ownership of utilities. He was a Republican in his personal political affiliations, but he attained office on a non-partisan ticket that was committed to progressive reform. In September 1932, following his taking office in May, the opening shot of his long battle with the utilities was fired when the advocates of public power filed a petition

asking for relief from excessive electric rates. In the meantime the local light system had been purchased from the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company by the Arkansas Power and Light Company. When the fight first began the attitude of the power company was conciliatory. They sought to placate the city by offering more favorable rates retroactive for four months. The City Council responded by introducing and putting on first reading an ordinance placing a tax on all utility poles in the city. Then on April 3, 1933 a motion was passed by the council to request the State Fact Finding Committee to investigate the rates charged by both the Arkansas Power and Light Company and the Boone County Telephone Company.

Throughout the next year and a half the controversy raged, with the council equally divided between those advocating public ownership and those favoring the power company. On December 19, 1934 an ordinance was introduced authorizing the mayor to call a special election for the purpose of voting on the question of a bond issue in the amount of \$30,000 to build a municipal power plant. Action on the ordinance came two months later in February 1935, when it was passed without a dissenting vote. The members of the council who were opposed to municipal ownership then introduced a resolution to put the city administration on record as opposed in principle to the construction of the city owned plant. Four members of the council voted for this resolution and the other four together with the mayor voted against it. Thus the stage was set for a popular vote on the issue. The election was hard fought and feeling ran high, but the power company worked efficiently and effectively behind the scenes, always using local leaders to front for them. When the votes were counted the proponents of municipal ownership had suffered a

bitter defeat by the narrow margin of eighteen votes.

This was the high-water mark for the proponents of municipal ownership. Though the issue was not dead, never again was the power company placed in actual jeopardy of losing its franchise. Two more efforts were made by those favoring a city owned plant, but they could never again muster strength to make a creditable showing.

At the same time that the power controversy was raging the city was also in the process of constructing a city-wide sewer system. In August 1933 Harrison hired an engineer to make a preliminary survey for a sewer system to be constructed under the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act of 1933. The plans of the city were to apply for a loan and grant from the Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works. The engineer's plans were approved and the contract let on December 13, 1934 for the construction of the sewer system. On June 3, 1935 the bond issue in the amount of \$97,000, to finance the construction, was sold to the United States of America. Construction was begun and everything progressed smoothly for a time, then the PWA engineer reported to the city that the contractor was making substantial departures from the plans and specifications. The contractor and the city's engineer denied this, but the city council, the mayor and the sewer commissioners agreed with the PWA engineer. The commissioners, D. E. Fitton, H. P. Mitchell and J. L. Godwin resigned in protest to the actions of the contractor and city engineer, but the city administration refused to accept the resignations. Instead the city government went on record as endorsing the commissioner's stand. To further show their feeling in the matter the city refused to accept the sewer system. As a result the city was sued for the unpaid balance and finally, some

three years later, the Federal Court found that there had been a substantial compliance with the construction contract, but gave the city credit for defects and omissions. The city still refused to act and a receiver was appointed, but later an amicable settlement was reached and the city took over the sewer system.

The next progressive step taken by Harrison was another street improvement district. To one man goes the principal credit for this undertaking. In conceiving and promoting the blacktopping of Harrison's residential streets, Layton Coffman joined the list of the city's great leaders, along with H. W. Fick and Uncle Flaxy Gordon.

In 1936 Layton Coffman, co-owner of Coffman Brothers Drug Store, was President of the Harrison Chamber of Commerce. It was his contention that the city had reached the maximum of its growth and development unless the streets in the residential sections were hard-surfaced. Only about ten percent of the city's streets were then paved, so the proposed improvement was a city-wide undertaking, but Coffman initiated petitions and worked diligently to obtain the necessary signatures. By March of 1937 the required signers had been obtained and the City Council passed an ordinance establishing Street Improvement District No. 7. Thus by reason of the vision and work of one man the machinery was set in motion for the blacktopping of Harrison's residential streets.

All these things—the paved streets, the sewer system and the effort to acquire a municipal power plant—were indicative of the coming of age that Harrison was experiencing. There were other evidences of growth too, for it was in this same period that a new grade school was built in the city; and in the county, farm to market roads were constructed. Also in these same years a levee was built along the bank of Crooked Creek to hold back

the flood waters that had periodically swept through the stores on the south side of the square. These improvements were products of the New Deal, which was inaugurated by President Franklin D. Roosevelt to combat the depression that then held the nation in its grip.

As we emerged from the depression years the hill people began to have visions of a more abundant life. This new vision was the result of a dynamic message brought to them by a new type politician. From Benton County a young man was speaking out with evangelical fervor of the unlimited wealth and the unharnessed power that was pouring minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day down the swift mountain streams only to be wasted in the sluggish waters of the Gulf of Mexico. This young man asked the people of the Ozark hills to send him to Congress as their Representative so he could initiate a program for Arkansas that would some day bring to our people the same prosperity that the citizens of the Tennessee Valley were already enjoying. As a result Clyde Ellis was elected to Congress. Through his efforts Norfork Dam was built, and a program was begun which made possible the later construction of Bull Shoals and Table Rock. This program initiated by Clyde Ellis has been ably carried forward by Representative Jim Trimble. Truly we can say that the efforts of these two men have brought a new life and a new hope to our people.

It was this same period that Boone County had its second successful candidate for a major state office. Jack Holt, who came from one of the county's oldest families, began his political career here in 1928, with a successful race for prosecuting attorney. From that office he advanced to circuit judge, and in 1936 he was elected Attorney General of Arkansas. Later Holt sought promotion to the position of United States Senator, but was de-

feated by John L. McClellan. In 1948 he was narrowly defeated by Sid McMath for the office of Governor.

In spite of all the veneer of broadened governmental functions and new political concepts, Harrison and Boone County, underneath the superficial cloak, were still little changed. They needed but a slight nudge to send them off on another wild and lawless binge. This opportunity came shortly after the repeal of national prohibition. Then, with great supplies of legal liquor flowing freely in some adjoining states, it was not long before bootlegging had reached unheard of proportions. The city administration increased its police force and made a great effort to control the illicit liquor traffic, but for a time the situation reached a state of virtual anarchy. Street brawls again became commonplace, and for a time the law seemed powerless to cope with the situation. Two gun battles were fought between officers and the lawless elements. On March 27, 1935 Police Chief Burr Robertson was shot to death when he attempted to make an arrest. In another gun fight Patrolman Williams was fatally wounded and his assailant killed in an exchange of shots. Later Police B. Cooper was badly knifed in the throat in a Saturday night melee. This lawless condition prevailed for more than a year before it was finally brought under control. When peace did eventually return to the city three men had been killed, two severely wounded and several more bludgeoned with pistol butts and blackjacks. All was quiet for a time and many felt that the turbulent days were gone forever, then suddenly there was Pearl Harbor and we were again at war.

CHAPTER XVII

WORLD WAR TWO AND ITS AFTERMATH

At 7:55 A. M., Sunday, December 7, 1941, more than one hundred Japanese fighters, torpedo bombers and dive bombers wheeled out of the sky and roared down upon the United States Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor. One hour and fifty minutes later five American battleships were wallowing in the harbor mud and three more were seriously damaged. In addition three destroyers, a mine layer and a target vessel were out of commission, and four hundred twenty-three army and navy planes were destroyed. The following day our nation declared war on Japan, and three days later a state of war was declared to exist between us and Germany and Italy. This time the conflict was one that would affect the lives of a greater percentage of our people than any war since the one Between the States, in the years 1861 to 1865.

Even before Pearl Harbor, Harrison's citizens had been made extremely conscious of the critical situation that existed on the world front. On January 6, 1941 the National Guard battery was mobilized as part of a national preparedness program.

For almost five years after World War I Harrison had been without a contingent of guards, but on December 5, 1923 a Service Battery for the 206th Anti-Aircraft, Coast Artillery had been organized here. This battery was originally set up with a compliment of three officers and forty-eight enlisted men. The first officers of the newly created unit were Captain George McKinney, First Lieutenant Troy Coffman, and Second Lieutenant C. V. Wagley. On April 28, 1937 the battery was reorganized as the Service Battery for the 142nd Field Artillery, Arkansas National Guard. Then, less

than four years later, they were mobilized into part of the national army. At the time of mobilization Troy Coffman was Captain, C. V. Wagley was First Lieutenant and Garrett Angel and Herbert Baker were Second Lieutenants. Wagley resigned his commission and Herbert Baker was promoted to First Lieutenant. When the unit was put on war-time status other promotions were made—Garrett Angel to First Lieutenant and Hall King, Billy Dillon and Ernest Cecil to Second Lieutenants. After mobilization the battery went to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, and from there to Camp Bowie, Texas. At Camp Bowie the unit was broken up into a number of cadres for the training of recruits. Most of the personnel wound up in the 936th and 937th Field Artillery Battalions. Practically all of these men saw service in the European theatre of operations. But of the total number mobilized in Harrison on January 6, 1941 only one soldier, Private Jarvis Smith, was killed in action. This is quite a remarkable record when we consider the fact that many of these men fought in such decisive engagements as Naples, Foggio, Rome, Arno, Northern Apennines, and Po Valley in the Italian Campaign, while others, in Northern Europe, fought at Saint Lo and the Battle of the Bulge.

When the war first broke at Pearl Harbor there were no Boone County men among the initial casualties. As the Japanese forces moved down Bataan Peninsula and then on to Corrigidor the war came closer home. Several families in this county had loved ones who were stationed in that sector. When Bataan and Corregidor fell (April 9 and May 6, 1942) five Boone County boys were taken prisoner by the Japanese. They were L. C. (Sam) Kisner (now County Clerk), Virgil (Curly) Wallace, Orlando Slack, Ellis Trammell and Abe Stanley. Some of these men were in the infamous Bataan death march, and all remained prisoners of the Japanese from

the Spring of 1942 until the Autumn of 1945.

Between December 7, 1941 and September 2, 1945 Boone County sent more than one thousand five hundred men into the armed forces. From this number fifty-eight gave their lives in service to their country. They were:

ARMY

Agnew, Norman N	King, James D.
Blount, James E.	Mattox, Leo W.
Bowman, George D.	Monday, Charles A.
Brand, James T.	Morris, John L.
Cantrell, Leonard G.	Morrow, Carl E.
Cisco, Gene	Murphy, Dilby
Cole, Merrill	Newman, Herbert H.
Collier, Kenneth C.	Nichols, Billy J.
Crawford, Reginald L.	Norris, Berry B.
Crow, Hulen	Payne, R. C.
Cunningham, Conard H.	Rains, Charles L.
Duncan, William E.	Ramsey, Homer L.
Farmer, Almon F.	Robinson, Kenneth
Fitchue, John J.	Ruble, John H.
Foresee, Milard C.	Sands, Haskell W.
Goats, Leroy	Seale, Beresford O.
Hall, Arzy L.	Sears, William H.
Hihath, Delbert L.	Slape, Howard P.
Hendricks, G. W. Jr.	Smith, Jarvis G.
Hitchcock, Melvin R.	Sneeringer, Herman
Howell, John C.	Thompson, Floyd G.
Hunt, James K.	Thompson, Howell H.
Hutchens, Raymond	Ware, John W.
Keef, John K.	

MARINES

Baughman, Loundis C.	McKinney, Nolan
Bray, Clinton L.	Strong, Wilson E.
Fowler, James P.	

NAVY

Conner, Freeman O.	Mealman, Roy E.
Dixon, Jared H.	Taylor, Walter B. Jr.
Long, Thomas D.	Williams, Jack

This list but illustrates the widened scope and intensity of World War II as compared to World War I. The casualty rate for the nation as a whole was five

times greater in the latter conflict. In Boone County the number who gave their lives in World War II exceeded by seven times the number killed in the first World War. Of the larger drafts that left, practically all had one or more members who did not return. I recall in the case of my own group there were sixteen of us who went to Little Rock together. We parted at the bus station—eleven bound for Camp Robinson and induction into the army, the other five of us went to the navy induction center. From our sixteen, one failed to return. Almon F. Farmer, one of the eleven assigned to the army, died fighting in the hedge-rows of Northern Europe, during the months that followed the Normandy invasion.

The first Boone County man to be killed in combat in World War II was Nolan McKinney, and it was from McKinney that the Allen-McKinney Post No. 44 of the American Legion received the last portion of its name.

McKinney was not a native-born Boone Countian. He had moved here from Texas some time before he went into the service. At the town of Blackwell, in that state, he was born on June 16, 1924. At the time he entered the Marine Corps, on August 28, 1941, he was living with his father, Ernest McKinney, near Batavia, Arkansas. Nolan McKinney was killed at Guadalcanal on November 22, 1942 after having fought in the Asiatic-Pacific area from January 6, 1942. He was awarded posthumously the purple heart, presidential unit citation ribbon bar with star, American defense service medal, Asiatic-Pacific campaign medal, and World War II Victory medal. It is fitting that this lad of eighteen should join Roy Allen in giving a name to Harrison's Legion Post.

Many Boone County troops spent agonizing months as prisoners of war of the Axis Powers. The first man to be taken prisoner in the European Theater was Cap-

tain Garvin Fitton, who was captured by Italian troops at Fon Duc Pass, during the North African campaign. Garvin Fitton is now a practicing attorney in Harrison, where his great-grandfather, Colonel George J. Crump, spent so many years as an outstanding lawyer and political leader.

Others from Boone County who were taken prisoner in World War II were Tommy Vinson, Carl Hudson, Clarence Hunt, Earl McEntire, Joe Knox, Dwight Sims, Frank K. Cowan, Harvie L. Farmer, Wesley Mattox, Gerald P. Parker, Oscar J. Snow, George Anderson, Sam Kisner, Virgil Wallace, Orlando Slack, Ellis Trammel and Abe Stanley.

The first native born Boone Countian to become a General in the United States Army was Brigadier General Crump Garvin, who is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Garvin. Brigadier General Garvin was in the Pacific Theater of operations for forty-five months during which time he participated in four major invasions. He was with General MacArthur in the campaign to liberate the Philippines, and there among the liberated civilian internees he found his aunt, Mrs. Marion Crump. Mrs. Crump's account of this experience follows:

"I went to the Philippines as a government teacher in 1925 when Crump Garvin, then a second lieutenant in Uncle Sam's army was stationed at Ft. McKinley, located a few miles outside of Manila. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Garvin, parents, spent the Christmas holidays with Crump and family, and I joined them there.

"Little did I think that twenty years later, Brigadier General Crump Garvin, in General MacArthur's Command, would find me a lately-liberated internee in Manila. After the landing of the United States forces in Leyte, General Garvin got a twenty-four hour leave and flew to Manila, the once-lovely city of the Orient,

now scarred with bombings and devastating shrapnel. There he discovered me in the Santo Tomas Internment Camp operated for civilian prisoners by the Japanese during their three and a half years of occupation of the Philippines.

"Just before Christmas in 1944, I wrote a poem for home-folks, as was my custom at that season. Of course, there was no way to mail it, but it did survive the conflict. I named it "The Eleventh Hour," because the day of our liberation seemed very near.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

Weary is the pen that now run o'er this page;
Weary are the hearts that chafe within this cage.

Warm were our pulses when first we entered here,
High were our hopes, and undismayed by fear.

Quickly fell the blow that wrecked us in Bataan,
Bitter came the news that left us pale and wan,

Corregidor, the fortress held fast for many a day,
But yet we lost that battle in the tragic month of May.

Sickness, death, and famine attacked our prison camp,
Great numbers breathed their last in enemy prison
camp.

Despoiled, deprived, deserted, yet with our heads
held high,
We fought against discouragement, and would not
yield to die.

We accepted regimentation with shorn and ruffled
crest;
We rushed to lines and roll call, with rancor in the
breast.

The days and nights seemed endless, till Solomon
Isles were ours;
Then purpose came to life again, and faith in our
own powers.

Disaster seemed abated at each new victory won:
Somehow our hearts were lifted in spite of hopes
outrun.

Conquered, but yet unconquered, we strove from
day to day,

Trusting our nation's progress, in spite of each delay.

But waiting was so dreary, some hearts at last turned
cold;

And hunger made the weak ones resort to measures
bold;

Resentment thrived among them toward those who
had some store,

And thievery broke like madness through every rich
man's door.

Suspense and disappointment spread o'er us like a
spell,

And many a faint heart languished in a sort of
living hell.

Then suddenly a whirring sound came on us unaware,
And circling high, then diving low, our flyers took
the air.

Hope long deferred burst forth again; we rallied
from our grief.

At last we felt that our own boys had come to our
relief.

Brave boys! Though we looked on to cheer, we felt
an inner hurt,

That we, in helpless effort here, our duty seemed
to shirk.

Then came in whispers, "Leyte, Leyte," that sped
from tongue to tongue,

And what was first a whisper, became a clarion,
far-flung.

Leyte and Mindoro are the crossroads to Luzon,

The eleventh hour is here at last! God grant we are
not wrong.

"Joy cometh in the morning" is not an idle boast;
Soon, very soon, the shouting will resound from
coast to coast.

We know our sturdy dreadnaughts have landed the
Marines,
And now our fighting forces will redeem the
Philippines.

The starving concentrades will soon their bondage
flee,
While Bilibid gates will open, and Cabanatuan be
free.

Some souls have found a homeland since first
imprisoned here,
And for those from us departed, we leave a sigh and
tear.

But now we're looking westward; our hearts gush
out like foam;
The long trail soon will open to that blessed land of
home.

This verse is writ at Christmas—three years since
war's loud call;
Santo Tomas and internees are still within the wall.
But hope is strong and hearts beat true like shepherd
bands of old,
The Keeper of the flocks of men still guards our
outcast fold.

Christmas, 1944

Santo Tomas Internment Camp
Manila, Philippine Islands.

"The morale of the Americans was in a state of ebb and flow during the last few months of 1944, when we knew by our land-based planes that our army was almost at hand. On the late afternoon of February 3, a contingent of MacArthur's army liberated Santo Tomas Internment

Camp and Malacanan Place, the headquarters of the Japanese military. Our forces had actually arrived in time to save us and our faith was rewarded with victory. Had not General MacArthur promised, "I will return."?

"On the first mail delivered to the internees after the liberation on February 3, I received a letter from Era Alexander Veerkamp (Mrs. W. B. Keerkamp, now of Nashville, Arkansas) address as follows:

Mrs. Marion H. Crump
%General MacArthur,
Manila,
Philippines.

"The most remarkable thing about the contents was that it was written on February 1, 1945, two days before our forces entered Manila. It is very evident that our home folks had the same faith in our survival as those of us who hung on to life tenaciously, and who resented any idea that we could fail in the consummation of our hopes—liberty!"

Mrs. Marion Crump is the daughter-in-law of our notable citizen of the past, Colonel George J. Crump. Brigadier General Garvin is the Colonel's grandson.

When General Garvin returned to the United States in the Fall of 1946 he warned in an interview with Little Rock press representatives that there was grave danger of armed conflict in Korea. He then told of the Communist build-up in North Korea, which to him could mean only one thing—an attack aimed at taking over South Korea.

* * *

In World War II there were civilian duties and civilian sacrifices on the home front also. Through the American Legion an observation service was set up as a precaution against air attack. Defense Bond auctions were

conducted throughout the County, and Red Cross knitting classes and first aid schools were established. Then there was the OPA with rationing of food, clothing, tires and gasoline, so that people at home might know too, that we were fighting a total war.

In time this war was ended and the men came back home .

Those who returned from service soon found that great changes had taken place during their absence. The county and town had again become a haven for bootleggers and other lawless elements. Many of those who were reaping the most from the nefarious liquor traffic were men who, though of military age, had seen no military service. To the newly returned veterans this was a bitter affront. They were so incensed that they immediately declared war on the underworld elements. Meetings were held and resolutions passed condemning the general lawless condition. Two separate movements were started which had as their purpose the suppression of the underworld forces. One group, composed of a great numbers of veterans, who called themselves Veterans for Democracy, sought to stamp out the bootleggers by legalizing the sale of liquor in Boone County. Another group favored ousting those holding office in the municipal government and putting in their place officials who would make a stronger effort to enforce existing laws. The two organizations finally wound up fighting each other in a local option election. As the two factions wrangled, the lawless conditions continued, and on October 3, 1946 Mayor E. T. Parker called on the State Police to furnish additional police protection for Harrison. On that same date three policemen resigned from the city police force. Already a mass meeting of indignant citizens had been held for the purpose of organizing a protective league. Then on October 7th the second

meeting was called to perfect the organization. This meeting was held at the Legion Hut. Here several impassioned appeals were made for strict law enforcement, and some went so far as to place the blame for the general lawless condition on laxity of enforcement by local officials. Shortly after 9:00 P. M., just as the meeting was in full sway, and even as one of Harrison's leading citizens was speaking, a man rushed into the meeting. The speaker was presenting the argument that the legally constituted officers must either act in the matter, or in the alternative those present must take things into their hands and clean up the town. There was a stir in the back of the hall, as a veteran arose to his feet and interrupted the speaker:

"Whatever you're going to do, you'd better do it quick for they've just killed two down on the square!"

The meeting broke up as the group rushed toward the business section.

The Harrison Times for October 8, 1946 tells of the killing of Andy Evans and Kermit McDougal on the southeast corner of the square at 9:00 P. M. October 7th. They were shot from ambush by someone on top of the store building across the street. To this date the murder has not been solved. In its account of the crime the Times made an interesting observation:

"Even as the shots were fired, some 100 Harrison business, civic and church leaders were meeting in the American Legion Hut for the avowed purpose of better law enforcement.

Two city policemen and the mayor were at the meeting—when the report of the double slaying was brought into the meeting."

The citizens group was never able to get rolling after the October 7th affray. Finally they disbanded and turned the funds, that had been raised to finance

their projected activities, to the Boy Scouts. The job of cleaning up the town was left to the city administration and the sheriff. In a few weeks time the lawless elements had been brought under control.

Thus Boone County's last lawless fling passed and another period of growth and civic development followed in its wake. First a natural gas line was brought into Harrison by the Arkansas Western Gas Company; then the city voted an additional bond issue to enlarge the city water and sewer systems. On February 3, 1947 Harrison built a municipal air port, and in October of the same year Boone County voted a \$300,000 bond issue to construct a county hospital. Coincident with these local improvements small industries began to move into the environs of Harrison. Oberman's Garment Factory established a plant in the city and Harrison Die Casting Plant was built just north of town. In the same period several local men opened various types of hard wood plants.

The only dark spot on the otherwise bright economic picture in Boone County was the Missouri and Arkansas Railroad. Again labor troubles had beset the line and a strike closed down operations on September 7, 1946. In October the management applied for permission to abandon the line. For a time it seemed that abandonment was a virtual certainty, but finally investors from New York were induced to buy the road under a plan that would permit the continued operation of freight service from Harrison to Seligman and the junking of all properties south of Harrison. The railroad's name was changed to Arkansas and Ozark Railway Corp. Thus sixty-eight miles of track and freight service every other day were all that could be salvaged from the Missouri and North Arkansas' forty years of chaos. We know of no other instance where a community has paid so much for so little.

CHAPTER XVIII

BOONE COUNTY LOOKS TO TOMORROW

The Ozark mountaineer has certain definite characteristics which have a tendency to set him apart from some other peoples of our nation. In the first place he is proud, even though he generally has nothing to be proud about. He may possess few worldly goods but he has a feeling of mastery over the things he does possess. To himself and to his family he is the King within his small domain.

Another seemingly inherent characteristic is loyalty. He is loyal to his country to the extent of being patriotic in a passive sort of way. This loyalty extends in about the same degree to his State. His greatest feeling of loyalty is to his family and his friends. In the main the mountaineer puts loyalty above honesty, at least to the degree that he will lie to save a friend or a member of his family.

Another characteristic is intolerance—an intolerance born of homogeneity. For several generations the mountaineers have lived isolated from people that were racially different. Most all of the mountain counties have no colored people and very few foreign born, as a consequence they are suspicious of people that are different. Perhaps this characteristic is one of our most grievous faults, for it has certainly caused us to act in such a manner as to bring great criticism upon ourselves. Let us cite one example:

In the summer of 1946 Soule-Pettit Foods, located at Harrison, embarked upon a new field in food packing. At least the process was something new for this area, even though it had been tried in other sections of the state. They acquired some rather expensive and compli-

cated equipment to enable them to green-wrap tomatoes for the big city markets. However, they found that the operation of part of this equipment required considerable training. The management advertised locally for trained laborers for the packing operations, but none were available. Then it was that they brought in twelve Mexican workmen who were experienced in this type of work. The Mexicans were given quarters in the packing plant so that no unpleasant incidents would arise in regard to their lodging. Within a few days however, a small group of local men went to the packing plant and there told the management that the Mexicans could not stay in Harrison. Of course the laborers left, and since then none but whites have dwelt here. This conduct was not sanctioned by most people in Harrison, but no definite steps were taken to rectify the wrong. Many people did raise their voices against such conduct, and at least one minister attacked this example of gross un-Americanism from the pulpit.

* * *

In the summer of 1950 the prediction of Brigadier General Crump Garvin came to pass, as the Communist from the north invaded the Republic of South Korea. Our nation was duty bound, through the United Nations to come to the aid of the invaded country, so we and other of the United Nations immediately dispatched men to this beleaguered country. Several National Guard units in the United States were called out to bolster our sagging military strength, and among the very first to be mobilized was the Service Battery of the 936th Field Artillery battalion in Harrison. At the time of this mobilization Captain Lee Brazell was commanding officer. This unit was the offspring of the Service Battery of the 142nd Field Artillery of World War II days. After the mobilization of 1950 they went to Camp Carson, Colo-

rado, and in December 1950 the unit departed for Korea. They arrived in Pusan on February 10, 1951; were stationed at Taegu for further training; then were dispatched to Seoul for combat duty. In March 1951 the 936th Field Artillery was thrown into combat in support of the Third Infantry Regiment. Here they saw one year's service before they were rotated to the states. During this year the unit participated in the First United Nations Offensive, United Nations Summer-Fall Offensive, and the Second Korean Winter Offensive. In addition they supported retreating United Nations troops during the Communist Counter Offensive of the Spring of 1951.

Members of the unit were rotated individually, and in March of 1952 the last man of the 936th was on his way back home. The unit suffered no casualties during the Korean action.

Boone County did lose some men during the Korean conflict. Billy G. Anderson, James Arlis Campbell, James Richard Chappelle, Roy D. Frost, Earl L. Hoffman, Billy Ray Kimes, Carl Floyd Klutts and Marvin O. Wilson gave their lives in this struggle. At least one Boone County boy, Benny Joe Matlock, was a prisoner of war of the North Koreans.

For six months after the return of the 936th, Harrison had no National Guard unit, but in September 1952 the Service Battery was reactivated with Lieutenant Bobby Coker as the commanding officer.

* * *

Since 1952 the "little Carpetbagger village" on the banks of Crooked Creek has continued to move forward. From an unincorporated community at Captain Fick's store it has fought its way against all odds to the status of a city of the first class. On July 13, 1954 Harrison was officially raised to a first class city. Prior to this time,

on April 7, 1953 the people of the city by a vote of 528 to 63 decided to build a \$150,000 city hall. Then, when advancement to first class required them to elect a municipal judge, one of the city's senior attorneys, Virgil Willis, was selected to fill this post. Thus, for the first time in Harrison's history the mayor became a full-time administrative official instead of a part-time magistrate.

These last progressive steps have been made under the administration of a quiet and unassuming man, Mayor B. N. Holt. He has brought a degree of dignity and responsibility to the office of mayor that has been rivaled by few of his predecessors.

We have but to drive south on U. S. Highway 65 to the top of Woodland Heights to get for ourselves a clear picture of the great changes that have been wrought since February 7, 1870, when Crooked Creek was re-named Harrison. From that point we can see the business section of the town in the valley below. At the foot of the hill the creek twists and crawls beneath the willows, then turns north and flows toward Hangover Bluff. Now it is summer and the valley lies in variegated greens, like a huge carpet. Here barely a century and a half ago an Osage Indian village stood, and in the flat at the base of the hill, where Indian children once played, is a factory—one of Turney's Wood Products plants. It is housed in the old Missouri and North Arkansas shops—they still stand as a reminder of our turbulent past. Nearby is Oberman Garment Factory. These are two of Harrison's leading industries. The hardwood plant employs one hundred men and makes church furniture and wooden trusses for a fifteen state market. The garment factory makes men's clothing and employs three hundred people. The railroad track threads through this valley and crosses Crooked Creek on a trestle at the east edge of town. It was from this bridge that Ed Gregor

was hung during one of the hours of our darkest despair. North of Turney's plant is the Rose Hill Cemetery, so named after my maternal ancestors. Some of them are buried there. At the lower edge of this cemetery, near the railroad tracks, are several unmarked graves. The dead of our former colored residents rest there, and among these unmarked plots is the grave of Mary Porter, mother of Seef Parker Porter. At the foot of the hill, nearer the square, where Lorenzo Rush built his home about the year 1835, there are stores and plants. Up the creek, beyond the square, a beautiful modernistic city hall stands on the spot where William Mitchell built his log home in the years before statehood. Around the business section of town, low hills rise in every direction, and upon these hills, nestled among the huge oaks and maples, stand row after row of well kept houses. Beyond the town to the north, the radio tower rises from the banks of Dry Jordan, and still beyond this dry branch is the rolling country side that we have always called the "Prairie." On the prairie a mile away is the Northvale Subdivision, and between the radio tower and Northvale a blue haze-like curtain hangs, for it is here that we have most of our hardwood industries. Some of these are Sutton Handle Factory, Erwin Mill and Lumber Company, Bossi Lumber and Driscoll Hardwood. These plants, together with Arkansas Products south of Harrison, make almost everything in the hardwood line, from gun stocks, sewing machine cabinets, hoe handles and baseball bats to hardwood flooring. In this same general area is another of Harrison's leading industries, the Harrison Die Casting Plant. This plant employes seventy-five people. Nearby are two sales barns where all kinds of livestock are marketed each week. To the north and to the south of the city, in the twilight of the summer evening we can see neat farms, where conservation practices are already

rebuilding badly erroded fields. There, standing deep in lush green pastures, sleek herds of Herefords and Angus graze. Livestock, together with hardwood, are now our principal sources of income in Boone County. Our reputation as a stock country has brought hundreds of new citizens out of the dust bowl of West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. These stockmen together with retired people from the midwestern cities have accounted for most of the "new-comers" during the last ten years. This infusion of new people with new ideas and new concepts has had its influence, though it may have not materially changed us. I believe we have become a little more tolerant and understanding as a result of their living among us. Only recently there transpired, unnoticed by most of our people, an example of our broadened views. On May 6-8, 1955 the Disabled Veterans of Arkansas held their state convention in Harrison, and this city distinguished itself by furnishing equal and unsegregated hotel and dining room facilities to all delegates irrespective of race. I do not believe this would have been possible here a few years ago.

The day has begun to fade as we look again upon the valley. There the green carpet turns to gray, and shadows move slowly toward us from the hills on the other side. Then the gray takes on an inky blackness and below it is dark—dark save for the hundreds of lights that shine like so many glowing embers in the night. Somehow these flickering lights remind us of the dying campfires of those who have lived here before us.

In a few hours the dawn will come, and with the dawn there will be hope for a greater tomorrow for Boone County and its people.

The End

APPENDIX

Following are the rosters of two Federal companies mustered in Southern Missouri, of men from Carroll County, Arkansas, during the Civil War:

Company G, First Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers.

Captain, Rowan E. M. Mack
First Lieutenant, Joshua S. Dudley
First Lieutenant, Robert B. Mack
First Lieutenant, Washington W. Davis
Second Lieutenant, Matthew W. Hilbert
First Sergeant, William J. O'Neal

SERGEANTS

Hiram S. Shahan	William Glidewell
Hiram H. Jones	Samuel D. L. D. Scott
Joseph Standlee	Ervin M. Davis
George W. Morris	

CORPORALS

Allen Jones	Caleb Sill
Dewitt C. Carr	James W. Butler,
John W. Reed	Trumpeter
George W. O'Neal	Elias O. Hall,
Lewis Jones	Farrier
William Aiken	John L. Standlee,
John O. Crabaugh	Farrier

PRIVATEs

Bledsoe, Chas.	High, George W.
Butler, Richard	Haynes, Lazarus
Call, William C.	Huff, John A. Jr.
Crabaugh, Isaac	Hurd, Richard
Davis, Thomas D.	Jones, Isaac N.
Eubanks, Spencer	Kerr, Thomas S.
Fanning, Joseph	Lucas, Jesse
Fanning, Abraham	Luck, James M.
Guy, Albert J.	Littrell, Samuel
Harper, David	Littrell, Jesse
Harper, John	Littrell, Joseph G.
Hembree, William	Littrell, James
Hayhurst, William	Leach, William
Hayhurst, Michael	Leach, Jeremiah
High, Elisha	Leach, Hiram

PRIVATES (Continued)

Lockport, Isaac	Standlee, James
McDowell, William E.	Standlee, Joseph
Merritt, Joseph P.	Standlee, David
Meek, Samuel B.	Sill, Samuel C.
Rhodes, Riley R.	Teague, John H.
Rogers, John W.	Torrance, Jennison P.
Rogers, Franklin M.	Wilson, James
Sutton, George W.	Wilson, Ezekiel
Sutton, John	Wright, Brantley
Shelton, William	

KILLED IN ACTION

Scott, Robert J.	Littrell, Joseph N.
O'Neal, Charles B.	Russell, George W.
Miles, Frederick	Weaver, Henry E.

Company K, First Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry
Volunteers.

Captain, Theodoric B. Youngblood
First Lieutenant, Doctor Franklin Youngblood
Second Lieutenant, Henry M Kidder
Second Lieutenant, William S. Woodbridge
First Sergeant, Permenius T. Rose

SERGEANTS

John R. Byrns	George W. Buckner
James P. Youngblood	Thomas P. Wilson
William L. Majors	Jefferson L. Butler
Jefferson A. Johnson	

CORPORALS

Reuben C. Taylor	Benjamin F. Warick,
Danderson Weese	Farrier
Jackson Blevins	William Youngblood,
John C. McAfee	Farrier
Jonathan A. Burleson	Lycurgus Butler,
Pleasant Snow	Trumpeter
John M. Fraim	James J. Reeves,
Green S. Wilson	Trumpeter

PRIVATES

Alfred, Henry	Battenfield, Philip
Alfred, Gamblin M.	Blevins, James M.
Askins, John W.	Boyd, James A.
Ayers, Alvin	Buckner, Jesse F.
Barbee, Lewis W.	Cameron, James
Battenfield, Alexander	Cooper, Joseph B.

PRIVATES (Continued)

Dunlap, Oscar L.	Shelton, Richard
Dunlap, James H.	Smith, Jesse W.
Even, Gwin	Smith, William L.
Flood, John	Steele, George W.
Flood, George W.	Storey, Charles
Gaddy, Milton F.	Swift, James
Gregory, W. H. H.	Swift, Leander
Holt, Francis M.	Taylor, Wm. F.
Hutchinson, Shelby N.	Taylor, Joel T.
Harp, John A.	Taylor, George W.
Huey, Charles	Tennis, Wm.
Inman, Henry	Thomas, John A.
James, Caleb M.	Towns, Richard
Layton, William J.	Vaughan, John C
Lowe, William	Watkins, Wm.
Lee, John A.	Watson, Perry
Lee, William T.	Weese, John
Long, Thomas	Wilson, George W.
Lovett, George M. D.	Youngblood, Geo. O.
Matthew, Marcus H.	Youngblood, John
Mead, Benjamin Y.	Youngblood, Sr. Wm.
Pierce, Joseph	Youngblood, Jeremiah M. C.
Patton, Laban	Youngblood, Benj. F.
Roberts, John W.	Youngblood, Wm. J.
Sharp, Calvin T.	

KILLED IN ACTION

Hood, Samuel	Simpson, Wm. T.
Hubbard, Thomas W.	Snow, Larkin
Moore, Curney C.	Taylor, James R.
Phillips, Luther P.	Watkins, Isaac
Rose, Jesse M.	Wilke, Jared B.

Roll of Company K, 2nd Regiment, 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, 4th Army Corps as mustered at Camp Dodge, Arkansas, Sunday, May 15, 1898. (This company, until mobilized, was known as the Clendenin Rifles).

Captain, J. R. Newman
 First Lieutenant, L. F. Eoff
 Second Lieutenant, P. C. Maggard
 First Sergeant, Robert Murray
 Quarter-Master Sergeant, Perry Andrews
 Second Sergeant, John Clendenin
 Third Sergeant, Henry Pace
 Fourth Sergeant, Lon Kirby
 Fifth Sergeant, Arch M. Crump

CORPORALS

Ben N. Ritchey	George Miller
Chas. M. Greene	L. H. Potts
Joe S. Fancher	Jos. B. Weaver
J. D. Newton	Ed Simpson,
Jas. W. Pollard	John Estes
John W. Wilson	Herbert Patterson,
Albert W. Starrett	Musician

PRIVATES

Wm. Alexander	A. I. Fay
J. G. Blevans	Wm. Holston
B. H. Byrne	Wm. F. Hancock
James A. Cheek	H. H. Hickman
Geo. W. Collett	Ben F. Jenkins
M. B. Clary	G. W. Kuykendall
R. W. Caldwell	W. L. Lovett
Isaac H. Davis	Gerard Looney
Hugh B. Dixon	M. T. Mitchell
D. L. Edmonds	H. E. Morrow
C. A. Frazier	Wm. J. Moore
Hal Fick	J. O. Nicholson
F. J. Gaines	John W. Penn
Henry Hurst	W. Troy Pace
Ed Hammons	Otto Pugh
D. S. Hilton	Sid G. Ranson
Wm. King	Mulby Robbs
E. L. Lane	W. P. Roark
A. Lynn	Jas. L. Stevens
H. B. Marsh	Frank Suskey
H. Massengale	Andrew Still
Oliver Murphy	Burch E. Tyson
D. P. Moseley	James Tabor
B. H. Plumlee	Joe B. Weaver
H. N. Paul	Jas. C. Wasson
Fred Penn	James A. Walker
W. C. Atkinson	Enoch Russell
N. P. Bishop	John H. Robinson
W. W. Bradshaw	Rufus M. Stephens
James O. Carroll	Claude Stanhope
Wm. R. Crumpler	Robert P. Sawyer
Geo. J. Crump	A. C. Thompson
L. H. Collins	Nathan L. Tims
E. B. Dudley	John H. Walker
Neal D. Estes	George W. Wilson
J. M. Ennis	

Commissioned officers,	3
Non-Commissioned officers,	18
Musician,	1
Privates,	71

Total, 93

Service Battery, 142nd Field Artillery, Arkansas National Guard as mustered into the National Army on January 6, 1941.

Captain, Troy Coffman
 First Lieutenant, Herbert Baker
 Second Lieutenant, Garrett Angel
 Second Lieutenant, Hall King
 Second Lieutenant, Ernest Cecil

ENLISTED PERSONNEL

Billy Dillon	Roy Johnson
Jack Blassingame	Troy Johnson
Lee Brazel	William E. Morris
Collins Bennett	Kenneth Milburn
Kenneth Cox	George McDonald
Hugh Cotton	Clellis Munday
Harry Connally	John D. Nixon
Howard Campbell	Frank Phillips
John Crawford	Hugh Rollins
Carl Downum	Clifford Slinkard
Elmer Estes	Lonnie Turney
Garrett Emberton	James Terry
Newell Foley	Fred Wood
Jesse L. Grim	Darrell White
Glen H. Gray	Jack Glass
Garland Hamm	Laverne Brand

KILLED IN ACTION

Jarvis Smith

DIED SINCE THE WAR

Everett Mulford

Joe Turney

Muster Roll of the Service Battery, 936th Battalion, Field Artillery, Arkansas National Guard when mobilized for the Korean Conflict in August, 1950

Garrett Angel, Major (Hdq.)
 Harold Mitchell Holt, Captain (Motor Officer)
 Lee Brazell, Captain
 Garland Hamm, Second Lieutenant
 Don Richesin, Warrant Officer
 Kenneth Cox, Warrant Officer

ENLISTED PERSONNEL

Arnold, Bryan W	Langford, Jackie
Arnold, Don F.	Lewis, Silas A. Jr.
Baughman, Carl L.	Linch, Jesse W
Baughman, James F.	Martin,, James R.
Blackwell, James L.	McCormick, Lex G.
Braden, James C.	Orr, Jerry L.
Bolin, Raymond O.	Paden, Robert W.
Brazell, Rex S.	Phillips, James F.
Brown, Bobby R.	Phillips, Tilden A.
Callahan, William G.	Porter, Richard E.
Campbell Lloyd G.	Rains, Arlin A.
Coker, Bob L.	Raley, Ray W.
Davis, Filmore E.	Richardson, Arthur
Dees, Lowell C.	Richesin, Charles R.
Dickey, James R.	Scroggins, Gus S.
Dillinger, Tommy L.	Simmons, Leroy D.
Dodson, Charles L.	Stafford, Joe B.
Dunlap, Bevan D.	Stevenson, Pim H.
Faries, Philip C.	Terry, James F.
Farris, Don D.	Trantham, Frank G.
Gregory, J. W. D.	Ussery, Martin L.
Grogan, Wilbert A.	Vines, Harold L.
Harness, Roy A.	Vines, James F.
Harness Willis A.	Watts, Billy O.
Holt, Jack B.	Willis, Jack C.
Johnson, Ernest C.	Wilson, Robert F.
Jones, Donald G.	Yancey, Vester C.
Jones, Joseph F.	Huskey, Paul G.

ROSTER OF MAYORS AND RECORDERS FOR CITY OF HARRISON

MAYOR	YEAR	RECORDER
Thomas Newman	1882	A. C. Hull
F. M. Garvin	1888	W. H. Cecil
D. W. Brandt	1889	T. M. Cory
H. C. Tipton	1891	P. C. Mggard
F. M. Garvin	1894	J. A. Flinn
J. R. Newman	1896	C. E. Wilson
G. J. Crump	198	J. E. Andrews
James A Flinn	1900	W. F. Mitchell
W. F. Mitchell	1902	W. J. Lanier
John P. Clendenin	1903	W. Troy Pace
James A. Flinn	1904	W. W. Baker
J. M. Shinn	1906	J. F. Marrs
Troy Pace	1909-12	S. N. Alexander
		George C. Frew
C. V. Caster	1912	J. M. Wagley
C. V. Caster	1912	J. O. Wilson
George C. Frew	1914	Frank Mitchell
R. M. Fellows	1916-18	Floyd Marty, H. K. Hull
John G. Sugg	1918	Thomas M. Newman
Guy Trimble	1920	Thomas M. Newman
J. L. Clute	1922	Thomas M. Newman
John I. Worthington	1923	Thomas M. Newman
Louis R. Keck	1923	Thomas M. Newman
Louis R. Keck	1924-26	Fred S. Tyson
		J. M. McGaughey
Dr. D. E. Evans	1926	Paul Middleton
Robert Gaston	1928	Paul Middleton
		Woody Murray
Rex Worthington	1932-38	Woody Murray
L. C. Holt	1938	Woody Murray
L. C. Holt	1940-44	E. T. Parker
E. T. Parker	1944-48	Garland Toney
		W. B. Veerkamp
Guy Raulston	1948	Don Richesin
		Bill Johnson
Fred Jones	1951	Bill Johnson
B. N. Holt	1953	Don Richesin

HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE HARRISON, ARKANSAS

First established as Crooked Creek, Carroll County,
Arkansas, July 14, 1836

Joseph Hickman, first postmaster
William Beller, Appointed March 7, 1838
William Mitchell, Appointed January 14, 1846
Garrett Greer, Appointed March 12, 1846
Joseph B. Baines, Appointed November 26, 1852
Office Discontinued February 8, 1867
Office Reestablished February 4, 1868
Henry W. Fick, Appointed February 4, 1868
Name of office changed to Harrison February 7, 1870
(Office now in Boone County)
Thomas Newnan, Appointed April 13, 1871
Leonidas Kirby, Appointed March 4, 1872
Thomas J. Howell, Appointed December 17, 1872
David W. Barnett, Appointed February 22, 1875
John Watkins, Appointed March 16, 1876
Felix S. Baker, Appointed June 9, 1876
John W. Anderson, Appointed December 11, 1885
Vincent W. Murphy, Appointed May 17, 1889
James T. Penn, Appointed May 2, 1891
Chas. S. Rosson, Appointed February 16, 1894
William B. Morton, Appointed July 24, 1897
Albert B. Andrews, Appointed July 5, 1901
James W. Slover, Appointed February 16, 1910
William H. Watkins, Appointed June 13, 1914
James B. Holder, Appointed August 5, 1919
Azro C. Brooks, Appointed March 2, 1920
James W. Slover, Appointed March 17, 1924
Rex Worthington (Acting) Appointed June 1, 1925
Jesse L. Russell, Appointed May 12, 1926
Will W. Coffman, Appointed February 26, 1935
Ralph R. Rea (Acting) Appointed July 12, 1939
Claiborne V. Wagley, Appointed September 1, 1940
Ralph R. Rea, Appointed October 16, 1940
Ralph Hudson (Acting) Appointed September 12, 1944
Ralph R. Rea, Appointed November 20, 1945

EARLY BOONE COUNTY OFFICIALS

W. W. Jernigan James H. Williams N. B. Crump W. S. Allen	1869	County Judge Sheriff Clerk Surveyor
W. W. Jernigan Isaac Feeback N. B. Crump W. S. Black	1872	County Judge Sheriff Circuit and County Clerk Treasurer
Mathew Bristow Wm. W. Bailey N. B. Crump J. K. Gibson A. E. Watson	1874	County and Prboate Judge Sheriff Circuit Clerk Treasurer Assessor
J. F. McAlister Wm. W. Bailey W. F. Pace E. Martin A. E. Watson	1876	County Judge Sheriff County Clerk and Recorder Treasurer Assessor
W. S. Spring Jno. D. Actkinson H. C. King Hugh W. Coffman A. E. Watson	1878	County and Probate Judge Sheriff Clerk Treasurer Assessor
J. M. Davidson Jno. D. Actkinson H. C. King Hugh W. Coffman J. N. Milum	1880	County Judge Sheriff Clerk Treasurer Assessor
J. M. Davidson Jno. D. Actkinson A. L. King Hugh W. Coffman J. N. Milum	1882	County Judge Sheriff Circuit Clerk Treasurer Assessor
J. M. Curnutt Mack Rowland W. W. Watkins J. K. Gibson Wm. W. Hudson	1884	County Judge Sheriff Clerk Treasurer Assessor

EARLY BOONE COUNTY OFFICIALS (Continued)

1886

J. M. Curnutt	Judge
J. D. Actkinson	Sheriff
W. W. Watkins	Clerk
J. K. Gibson	Treasurer
W. W. Hudson	Assessor

1888

G. E. Burney	County Judge
D. A. Eoff	Sheriff
W. F. Mitchell	Clerk
J. K. Gibson	Treasurer
W. H. Watkins	Assessor

The record containing the names of county officials for the period from 1890 to 1908 is not available, and presumably has been lost or was destroyed when the Court House burned.

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Folklore of Romantic Arkansas—Fred W. Allsopp
Desert Country—Edwin Corle
I Survived the Mountain Meadows Massacre—Elizabeth Baker Terry.
The Mountain Meadows Massacre—Juanita Brooks.
An Industrial War—Bradley & Russell.
The Harrison Riot—J. K. Farris.

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